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United States' Department, at Washington.

DESCRIPTION.

The erection of this building, designated the Department of State, was commenced in the year 1816, and completed in 1818. The whole cost is estimated at $95,835. It is remarkably neat in appearance, and is justly considered one of the handsomest public edifices in Washington.

The building is devoted, exclusively, to the use of the Secretary of State, for the transaction of the business connected with his office, which is, as may readily be supposed, of an extensive and complicated character, calling for the services of a large number of clerks, book-keepers, &c. It was first occupied by the Hon. Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, acting Secretary of State; afterwards by Alexander Hamilton, Esq. and subsequently by John Quincy Adams, appointed by President Monroe; Henry Clay, by President Adams; and Martin Van Buren, by President Jackson. It is now occupied by Mr. Livingston, also appointed by President Jackson.

For the more speedy transaction of public affairs, and the better accommodation of the officers employed by the Secretary of State, the building is divided into various rooms, halls, &c. each of which is devoted to some special object, and occupied by those whose business requires them to promote it. The multiplicity of affairs which come under the jurisdiction of the Secretary render order and regularity indispensably necessary.

The Department of State was created by an act of Congress, of the 15th of September, 1789, by a previous act of the 27th of July, 1789, it was denominated the Department of Foreign Affairs; and it embraces what in some other governments, are styled the Department of Foreign Affairs, and Home Department.

The Secretary of State conducts all treaties between the United States and Foreign Powers, and corresponds, officially, with the Public Ministers of the United States, at Foreign Courts, and with the Ministers of Foreign Powers, resident in the United States. He is entrusted with the publication and distribution of all treaties with Foreign Powers, and Indian Tribes; preserves the originals of all laws and treaties, and of the public correspondence growing out of the intercourse between the United States and Foreign nations; is required to procure and preserve copies of the Statues of the several states; grants passports to American citizens, visiting foreign countries; preserves the evidence of copy-rights, and has control of the office which issues patents for useful inventions. He has charge of the Seal of the United States, but cannot affix it to any commission until signed by the President, nor to any instrument or act, without the special authority of the President.

The Secretary of State receives a yearly salary of $6,000.

Written for the Casket.

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

A SKETCH.

Where is not death, save as night follows day!
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world.
Young.

There's gladness in the festive hall, and Lustre's streaming round;
And bounding hearts in unison with music's joyful sound;
And fair and fairy forms are seen to move all lightly in the dance;
And soft and sparkling eyes to beam their bright and sunny glance;
And rosy blushes mantling o'er the cheek of beauty, fair,
As breathed lips in whirling turns, breathe praises in her ear;
Bound every feast and bridegroom lip the evening under shut play,
Were every brow grief's darkened gloom seem'd banished far away;
Each heart beat high and honestly as that assembled throng,
And gaily flew the moments by with dance, and wine, and song;
And well might each young bosom share the gladness and the glee
Which seem'd to reign unbounded o'er that gay festivity;
Well might the full and flowing bowl pass merrily around,
And generous and manly hearts in one wild joy be bound;
And celebrate the nuptial eve of that eventful day,
Which seem'd to bud and bloom in joy to fade in woe away.

Before God's holy altar stood that mirth a youthful pair,
In wedlock's sacred bands to bind their hearts still closer there.
They who had loved each other long with more than earthly love—
A pure and holy flame that seem'd caught from that fire above,
And many an ardent wish was breathed, and many a fervent prayer
Was offered up in heaven above, that not a shade of care
Might come across their spirits' path, to blight the budding bliss
They now enjoyed, to plunge their souls in sorrow's dark abyss.

By chosen friends who gathered there with glad approving smile,
As witness to the inviolable which none may dare defile.
And now they stood amid that throng—the bridegroom and his bride,
Viewing each other's form with looks of mingled joy and pride—
A matchless pair—with equal grace, and equal virtue formed,
And hearts as pure and guileless, too, as fond love ever warmed.
The beautiful and starlike gems which brightly bound her zone,
Reflected from the lamps around, with dazzling brilliance shone;—
A heavenly smile stole to her eye,—and as it gently fell
On him, it spoke a tenderness more than her tongue could tell.
That smile was met by one as sweet, and one as tender too,—
And flowed forth a soul of fire, unshaken, bold, and true.

The clock now chimed the midnight hour; but as the solemn peal
Fell on the ear, I marked a shade of mournful sadness steal
Across her brow; and lovely brow—and from her large blue eye
The bright light faded suddenly, like meteors from the sky;—
The crimson hue that dyed her cheeks but early short before,
Had left them now, ah! awful change! all pale and whiter still than snow—
Her smile not—sighed, not—nor did weep; but so with powerful look
She drew strained her downcast eyes—her frame convulsive shook;
And, ere the last sad tone the passing sound died on the stilly air,
She sank upon the floor, a corpse! the beautiful—the fair!

The deep-toned bell in passing now, its loud and fearful wail,
And far away—around, above, the mournful echoes fall,
The noble horse, with nodding plumes, moves solemnly along,
And follows slow, with measured steps, a sad and silent throng;
With tearful eyes, and heave hearts, the mourning train pursue
Their way to that last resting place, of dark and fearful hue!
Arrested at mortal its brink, they view the coffin close disclosed,
And hear the words of dust to dust, which tells our mortal end;—
The rolling earth upon the lid a hollow echo send!—
And then in sobs a last and look they o'er its clasps bend!
And while with hands to conceal their grief, they turn them from the scene,
And mournfully retrace their steps across the trodden green.
The grave is filling up—the earth—a thin and heavy pall,
In shrouding to its deepest folds the brave and fair of all!
A marble pile now marks the spot, where slumbering with his bride
In death's cold silent chamber, lies the bridegroom and his bride.

OSCAR.

Written for the Casket.

Camoens and Fernando.

Perhaps there is no sensation or feeling more deeply fixed in the human heart, more intimately imbued with existence itself, than Patriotism, or love of country; and at the same time, no character more abhorred and despised, than the one which is destitute of it. Various have been the theories to account for this powerful and enduring principle. The civilian ascribes it to the duty which each man feels bound to perform, in aiding, supporting, and cherishing the state or government which protects him. This is too technical and refined an idea, to be comprehended by the generality; and, indeed, is seldom thought of by them, neither does it appear to be correct in fact; for we find the same attachment in the most despotic, as in the most liberal governments; and it frequently burns as warmly in the breast of him who has been injured or despised, as in that of his, who has been honored or exalted—and the cold and abstract sense of duty, could never inspire that enthusiastic devotion with which the heart is poured out at the shrine of country: like charity, mercy, and other hundred emotions, it must arise from a purer fountain, and be governed by less interested motives.

Some metaphysicians, in their attempts to unveil the things of human action, have placed its foundation exclusively on prejudice. But can this be so? on the contrary, is it not a natural and irresistible feeling? And must not the man who is a stranger to it, be unacquainted with all the finer sensibilities of our nature? It is impossible to reflect on the scenes, with which our recollections of youthful happiness are inseparably associated, without the most decided partiality; it is impossible to think of the place which contains the graves of our fathers, and of the companions of our early days, without feelings of the deepest interest and a predilection for our native country, always arises in every well-regulated mind, from a recollection of the social, civil, and religious ties, which have so intimately connected our hearts with the country and community, in which we have been brought up. Such feelings as these, are not prejudices, for they arise out of natural and unavoidable associations; and there is a defect in the heart of every man who is a stranger to them.

Without being detained longer by our examination of other speculations, which have been adopted, as the interesting subject, perhaps we shall not glide deep into error, or wander far from truth, when we attribute the vivifying principle, the sustaining power of patriotism, to the mighty and controlling influence of memory and imagination.

Life, when new, was to all of us, a season of joy and delight; our increasing vigour of body removed us from every want, and every anxiety; hope supplied the place of reality: even our sufferings were blended with emotions so lively and so classic, with a sensibility so active, with an imagination so fertile, that the remembrance of it is cherished to the latest period of existence, with peculiar fondness. Even its illusions, its troubles and its defects, memory dwells upon with melancholy satisfaction, and arrays them in colours of the most interesting and fascinating kind. In a more advanced age, we like to cherish the belief, however illusory, that there was something of reality in the scenes, and the sentiments, of which, though long passed, we retain so lively a remembrance. These dreams of age—this love of the days that are past—these sentiments—these cherished remembrances—are all associated, and intimately connected with the place in which they are supposed to have been enjoyed; our sympathies connect the place with the country, or government under which they were experienced, and we grasp with the strong hands of attachment, all that extent which we imagine included under, and subject to the same benign emotion; no matter how barren, or how unpleasing in other respects that land may be, it still maintains, with us, a preference over that of all others; and when driven, or forced a wandering exile from its borders, the most ardent wish is to return, at some future day, to the place we have left, and revel on the boarded treasures of memory and imagination.

Thus, an invisible chain, forged by the hand of nature, connects the heart of man with the soil on which he first drew his breath. The very turf on which he treads, is hallowed in a patriot's eye; and the remembrance of early attachments becomes a powerful check upon every emotion that tends to weaken, or dissolve the secret tie. In exile, the patriot presents a noble spectacle; he may sigh for some change of affairs, which will permit him to return to his country, but he would consider it sacrilege to lift his hand against the land of his birth.

In early youth, the heart of every man is a poet: it creates a scene of imaginary happiness, and delusive hopes; it clothes the world in the brightest colours of its own fancy; it refines what is coarse; it exalts what is mean: it sees nothing but disinterestedness in friendship; it promises eternal fidelity in love. Even on the distresses of its situation, it can throw a certain romantic shade of melancholy, that leaves a man sad, but does not make him unhappy. As years advance, and the storms of life are lowering around us, we return with ecstacy, to these fond visions, and fairy hopes, sigh over them as realities, and consecrate the spot in which they were indulged. The heart throbs with a fearful energy at the mere thought of its profanation, and the arm is instinctively nerved to resistance.

Of the many examples afforded by ancient and modern history, of the ardour and intenseness of patriotism—an ardour and intenseness which time and calamity fail to subdue—it would be presumption in me, and a tax upon the patience of your readers to detain them by a relation: the names and acts of the Spartan Leonidas, the Roman Regulus, the British Alfred, and a host of our own, are already well known, and familiar to most of us, as one household words. But there are some examples occuring, in countries where they would have been least expected, which go forcibly to illustrate the position which has been taken. Of these, permit me to offer two, which have not been so frequently alluded to, and may, therefore, excuse an intrusion, by the appearance of novelty. They both relate to the history of Portugal—that kingdom, far behind all others in intelligence, and acquirements—which has groaned for ages under the iron yoke of an unrelenting despotism, and in which the spirit of man has been continually bowed down by the intolerance of bigotry and superstition. Amidst the gloom of this darkness, however, some bright flashes have, at intervals, discovered themselves, and shone through the cloud of her sepulchral destiny. And Portugal deserves the honour of having first given the spring to that maritime energy, and enterprise, which increase her own possessions; and by exciting the ambition and rivalry of a neighbour, prompted the indefatigable spirit of Columbus, and led to the discovery of America.

Vasco de Gama, one of her earliest adventurers, tempted by a daring ambition, and allured by the flattery of fame, gave his prow to the tempest and the storm, and was the first who ever unfurled a sail in those immense seas, which led him to the Indian shores; bearing tidings of Europe, to an unknown world, and adding a golden empire to the crown of Portugal. This intrepid navigator was happy in having a faithful historian, who recorded his attempt, hazards, and success, in strains which will never die, gave immortality to the Lusitanian hero, and shed a never fading lustre over the glories of his nation. It was at this time, when burning with patriotism, animated by the inspiration of genius, and trembligly alive to the honour and reputation of his country, that Camoens, the Poet of Portugal, arose, and swept a lyre, whose cords will never cease to vibrate. To that beloved, but ill-deserving, and neglectful country, he gave his all—his talents and his services—the fervour of his muse. In the midst of poverty, scorn, disease and wretchedness, he never forgot her; and in the pangs of dissolution, "save my country, Heaven, was his last!" Camoens, it is said, is the sole poet of Portugal, whose celebrity has extended beyond the peninsula, and whose name appears in the list of those who have conferred honour upon Europe. Such is the force of genius, in a single individual, that it, in this instance, constitutes the renown of a whole people. It stands in solitary greatness, before the eyes of posterity, and a crowd of lesser objects disappear in its superior light. But it is not as a poet, the favoured child of genius, that we would now consider this illustrious man; it is as an example of patriotism, exclusively, that he is presented. It was to exhibit that durable impression which nothing can efface—to delineate that fervid glow which nothing can extinguish—that melting tenderness of love towards country, which even cruelty and neglect cannot abate, that he is introduced to our notice. In order to effect this, a short sketch of his life will become necessary, and may not prove entirely uninteresting.

Luis de Camoens, was descended from a noble, but by no means a wealthy family; and his birth is supposed to have taken place in the year 1525. He pursued his studies for some years, at the University of Coimbra, with great advantage, and on their completion, removed to the city of Lisbon. We are unacquainted with the views he at that time entertained, as well as with his means of subsistence; but from some unpleasant circumstances, which transpired, and in which, from a false punctilio of honour, the life of a powerful rival was put in jeopardy, he received an order to leave Lisbon, and was banished to Santarem. Thus curbed and disappointed in his pursuits and early affections, he was led to the resolution of embracing a military life, and he volunteered his services in the Portuguese fleet, then employed against the African powers. It was not without a feeling of pride, that he thus united the character of a hero and a poet; continuing in the intervals of the most arduous services, to court the attentions of the muse. In an engagement before Ceuta, in which he greatly distinguished himself, he had the misfortune to lose his right eye. He then returned to Lisbon, in the expectation, that his military services might acquire for him, the recompence which had been denied him as a poet; but no one evinced the least disposition to serve, or befriend him. All his efforts to distinguish himself in laudable enterprise, and pursuits, were successively thwarted. While his soul was the seat of lofty thoughts and patriotism, he felt that he was neglected, and contemned by the country he loved; and yielding to a feeling of indignation, he came to the resolution of leaving it once more. The squadron with which he set sail, consisted of four vessels.—Three of these foundered at sea, and that alone, in which Camoens sailed, reached the port of Goa, in safety. But he did not, as he had flattered himself, obtain employment even here; and he found himself compelled once more, to offer his services as a volunteer, in a company of auxiliaries, sent by the Viceroy of India, to the King of Cochin. Nearly all his companions in arms, fell victims during this campaign, to the fatal insalubrity of the climate. Camoens, however, survived its effects, and again returned to Goa, after having contributed to the triumph of his country's ally. Still destitute of employment and resources, he next joined an expedition against the Corsairs of the Red Sea. Passing the winter in the isle of Ormuz, he had there full leisure to indulge his poetical pursuits, and complete a portion of his works. Every object around him seemed to assume a poetic dress, and the lyre of his country revived with fresh force, while he trod those eastern scenes, lately rendered famous by the exploits of his countrymen. But the abuses of the government excited his strongest feelings of indignation, as subversive of the interests of the land which gave him birth; and instead of any attempts to conciliate, he wrote a bitter satire on its conduct. His own wrongs, and his own sufferings had not produced a murmur or a remonstrance, but the injuries of his country found in him, a powerful avenger. The blow was dealt with herculean energy, and for this the viceroy banished the unfortunate poet to the isle of Macao, on the coast of China; and while there, Camoens made an excursion into the Moluccas. His necessities at last compelled him to accept the situation of commissary, for the effects of the deceased persons, (as it was called) at Macao. He remained there five years, and employed his leisure in completing that great epic work, which was solely devoted to the country he adored, and was destined to hand down his own name to posterity. There is still to be seen on the most elevated point of the isthmus, which unites the town of Macao with the Chinese continent, a sort of natural gallery, formed out of the rocks, apparently almost suspended in the air, and commanding a magnificent prospect over both seas and the lofty chain of mountains which rise above their shores. Here, he is said to have invoked the genius of epic verse, and tradition has conferred on this retreat, the name of "The Grotto of Camoens."

Soon afterwards, the new viceroy gave him permission to return to Goa; but he was shipwrecked in his passage, at the mouth of the river Gambia. He saved himself by clinging to a plank; and of all his little property, succeeded only in saving his poem; the Lusiad, delayed with the waves, as he bore it to his land to the shore. A short time after his return to Goa, he was accused of malversation in the office he had exercised at Macao; and though he successfully repelled these unjust suspicions, he was nevertheless, suffered to linger a prison. The claims of his creditors detained him still in confinement, and it was only by the generous intervention of some sympathizing friends, that he was enabled to discharge his debts, to recover his liberty, and take his passage to his own country. In the year 1580, he arrived at Lisbon, after an absence of sixteen years, and without having realized any fortune, in a part of the world, where so many of his countrymen had amassed immense treasures.

At the moment when Camoens set foot on his native shore, a dreadful plague was prosecuting its ravages in the kingdom of Portugal. In the midst of universal sorrow and alarm, no attention was bestowed on him; and no one evinced the least curiosity respecting the poet and his Lusiad, the sole remaining property and hope of the unfortunate Camoens. The King was yet a minor, and completely under the authority of the Priests, who betrayed him, not many years afterwards, into a fatal expedition to the coast of Africa. He consented, however, to permit Camoens to dedicate his poem to him, although the only return he made, was a wretched pension of less than five pounds per annum. Camoens was now subjected to the most distressing embarrassments; not unfrequently, he was in actual want of bread; for which he was in part, indebted to a black servant, whom he had accompanied him from the Indies, and who was in the habit of soliciting charity at nights, in the open streets, to obtain a precarious subsistence for his master; a man who was destined to confer celebrity on his country. Yet more aggravated evils were in store for the wretched Camoens. Sebastian had enrolled the whole chivalry of Portugal in his fatal expedition against Morocco; he there perished in a disastrous battle, and with him expired the royal house of Portugal: as the only remaining branch on which the crown devolved, died after a reign of two years, having had the mortification of seeing all Europe, while he was yet alive, contending for the succession of his kingdom. The glory of the Portugal nation was suddenly eclipsed; her independence did not long survive, and the future seemed pregnant only with calamity and disgrace. It was now, that Camoens, who had so nobly supported his own misfortunes, was bowed down by the calamities of his country. He was seized with a violent fever in consequence of his many aggravated sufferings. He observed in one of his letters, a short time before his death, "who could have believed, that on so small a theatre, as this wretched coach, fortune would delight in exhausting so many calamities? and if these were not sufficient, I seem to take part with them against myself, for to pretend to resist such overwhelming misery, seems to me a kind of impertinence." At length a relenting pang alone severed the chord of existence, and his exhausted, and harrassed frame sought the refuge of the grave. The warm heart resolved itself into cold clay, and the emancipated spirit departed on the wings of the morning. The last days of his life were passed in the company of some Monks; and it is ascertained that he died in a public hospital, in the year 1579.

Thus, in his 54th year, perished Luis de Camoens, the brightest star in the canopy of Portugal—a martyr, not so much from personal suffering and misfortune, as of a withering attachment to the land of his nativity. Though in every respect unfortunate, and though misery had marked him for her own, from the cradle to the grave, yet he braved his own fate with a spirit of rebel daring, and only sunk beneath that blow which prostrated the liberties, and crushed the independence of his country. And yet to the cold and calculating eye of reason and philosophy, no inducement can be assigned for this excessive sensibility towards the fortunes and the fate of a degraded country. From her he had received no favours, he was in the effervescence of either gratitude, or affection; on the contrary, she had dealt out to him the bitter and unalloyed cup of suffering; she had neither belted him with her honours, nor poured upon him, from the abundance of her affluence—far from it, she had strewed him to the life in poverty, and consigned him languishing and dying, to the cot of her lazar house; and the hand that sustained and cherished him, was that of a slave, from the far distant confines of India. Camoens, indeed, was rich in the virtues of his heart, and in the sublimity of his genius, but these she degraded, scorned, and trampled upon; he is almost the only one of her children, that conferred upon her dignity, fame, and reputation; and yet it was with difficulty a burial for his unhonoured corpse was obtained within the precincts of her sanctuary; and no stone pleaded to remembrance, for him to whom Greece or Rome, would have erected their columns, and heaped their monuments. And yet this persecuted offspring, of a cold, cruel, and ungrateful country, could thus, in the midst of his distresses, refer to the land of his nativity:—

"Thee, thee, O! mighty Love, the sacred earth,
Thee, the lov'd parent-soil that gave me birth;
And oh, would providence hear'd my pray'r regard,
And this wandering my perilous course controul!
May thee dear land, for ever bless'd retreat,
And grant my weary bones a peaceful grave."

Nature, mysterious power! it is thy hand alone which implanted in early life, this strong devotion, which cherished and supported it through growing years, and in a riper age, made permanent and durable, this fervency of a fond and young imagination.

The great work which he left behind him, for the admiration of posterity, is wholly national; recording in enthusiastic strains, the discoveries of Gama, and celebrating the virtues and the valour of his companions. It rescues from oblivion, each deed, act, or trait of character which redounded to the credit, or glory of Portugal, and is devoted to plunging the drowning honours of his country, from the immeasurable depths of infamy and dishonour. There is in truth, no other leading subject than his country, and every part is immediately connected with her glory.

The next instance to which I referred, forms in many respects a singular contrast to that of Camoens; there is, however, as common to them both, the same devoted attachment to country, and both retained the same principle as the ruling passion of their lives. They both equally sustained an oppressive load of calamity, though the one suffered from the unnatural country, the other from the hands of strangers and enemies.

Born to honour, and to affluence—treading unforbidden within the circle of a throne—the brother of a King, and the prop and stay of his royal dignity: Fernando, resigned all these, and voluntarily descended from his lofty station to want and misery, and expired the scourged, mangled, and degraded slave of a barbarian master. His country, as he imagined, demanded the sacrifice, and he presented himself the willing victim. His conduct and fate were similar to that of the Roman hero, and he is frequently alluded to as the Regulus of Portugal.

The Portuguese after having driven the Moors from the whole western coast of the Peninsula, passed over into Africa, to pursue still further, the enemies of their faith. They undertook the conquest of the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco. It was the same ardour that led them to seek a new passage to the Indies, and to plant the standard of Portugal on the coast of Guinea, in the kingdom of Congo, at Din, at Mozambique, at Goa, and at Macao. John the 1st had already conquered Ceuta. At his death he left several sons, all of whom were eager to distinguish themselves against their ancient enemy. Edward, who succeeded his father John, sent his two brothers, with a fleet, to attempt the conquest of Tangiers. One of these brothers, was Fernando, the most valiant, and the most accomplished of the Princes; the other was Harry, who was afterwards celebrated for his assiduous efforts to discover the passage to the Indies.

Maley, an Admiral of Fez, while on his return from a cruize, perceived the approach of the hostile squadron, and announced to the King the contemplated attack upon Tangiers; he received orders to oppose the landing, with the cavalry of the coast. The landing, however, was effected, and fourteen thousand soldiers, under the command of the two friends prepared for the assault. While in this situation, they were unexpectedly attacked by the admiral, but an easy victory was obtained over this suddenly assembled body of cavalry, and Maley himself, fell captive into the hands of Fernando, who, not less generous than brave, restored him to his liberty, without a ransom.

In the mean while, the Kings of Fez, and Morocco, had assembled their armies, and advanced with an overwhelming force. Retreat had become impossible to the Portuguese, and their only resource was to die like brave men, and undaunted soldiers. But even this hope was frustrated, as the Moors, after a bloody combat obtained the victory; and Fernando, after having fought valiantly, surrendered to the King of Fez. His brother Henry, was also obliged to deliver himself up, with the flower of the Portuguese army. The Moorish King made, at first, a generous use of his victory, and treated the Prince with that regard and courtesy, which is due to an equal, when he is no longer an enemy. He declared, however, that the only ransom which could procure him his liberty, was the restitution of Ceuta; and Henry was sent back to Portugal, to procure, by this means, the restoration of his brother. At Ceuta, Fernando had spent his younger years, and it was endeared to him by the tenderest associations.

On the arrival of Henry at Portugal, he found that the King, his brother, had died but a short time previous; but who, in expiring, had given orders to restore Ceuta to the King of Fez, for the redemption of the captives; and Alonzo, the fifth of that name, who had succeeded to the throne; commissioned Henry back to Africa, to make the exchange, and restore Ceuta to its former savage master. But all these endeavours were repelled, and frustrated by the noble constancy of the princely captive. He disdained the idea, that his country should be bereft of so fair a possession, merely to procure his enlargement; or that the inhabitants should feel the vengeance, and be subject to the despotism of the Moorish tyrant, to unmanacle the limbs of a solitary individual. He, therefore, indignantly rejected the proposal; cast his rank, his honours, and his dignities to the ground; and finally determined, that no love for God, his country, and his religion, should outlive, and triumph over the powers of fortune and of fate.

His destiny was a cruel and severe one; the former blandishments of the conqueror, were now converted to vindictive rage, and Fernando was doomed to feel all that the ingenuity of malice could invent, and the unsatisfying nature of revenge could inflict. His princely robes were quickly succeeded by the garb of the slave—the luxuries of the table, gave place to the blackest bread—the coolest water was his drink—galling chains clanked on his neck and limbs; a cold and uncushioned cell was his repose; and he was daily driven to the most vile and abject labour, by the scourge of the task-master. Here the native Portugal stands, in noble competition with the classic Regulus; and his subsequent sufferings, both in torture and point of duration, far exceed those of the Roman hero. But it would be painful to pursue this subject further; suffice it to say, that as years rolled on, his agonies were increased, whilst his constancy and resolution remained unshaken. It seemed a struggle between him and his tormentor, who could inflict, and who could endure the most, and still remain firm in their determination. No relief could be obtained from, and no ransom would be accepted by the one, unless Ceuta was restored; the other was equally resolved, that no pain inflicted, should wring a consent, that his country make the sacrifice. At length worn out by constant suffering—corroded to the bone by chains and laceration—and his very blood baked in his veins, by the influence of an African sun; the helpless victim, still firm in his authority, [illegible] spirit escaped from savage cruelty, and tyrannic power.

It may be proper, here to remark, that the land for which he thus gallantly perished, has never, from that time to this, been subject to its former owners. Though the Moors have frequently laid siege to it, and harrassed it by numerous blockades, yet Ceuta has resisted all their endeavours, and foiled all their designs. It seems as if the spirit of the martyr hovered over it, and protected the spot, for which he bartered his happiness, and resigned his being.

A. E. T.

SONG.

What woke the heroic song that lay
In Memnon's harp of yore?
What spirit on its viewless way
Along the Nile's green shore?
Oh! see the night, and see the storm,
And 'not the lightning's fire,
But sunlight's touch—the kind—the warm—
This woke the mystic lyre!
This, this awoke the lyre!

What wins the heart's deep chords to pour
Their music forth on life,
Like a voice prevailing o'er
The sounds of torrent strife.
Oh! not the conflict midst the throng,
Not e'en the triumph's haze.
Love is the gifted and the strong,
To wake that music's power!
Ho breath awakes that power!

F. Hemans.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE LAMMER GEYER.

No spot upon the earth, as no one is probably so awful, can afford a more lively picture of the caprice of nature, than the passes of the Cordilleras. They so beggar the powers of Romance, that she flies trembling from the scene to gnaw in silent agony her iron pen; and imagination on swiftest wing seeks a more congenial clime, fearing to dwell amid such chaotic frightfulness.—Were he to be an eye witness of scenes like these, the very infidel must be astounded—in awe and solemnity confess that a superior God was the alpha of every thing. A bird, called by the naturalist the Lammer Geyer, is the only inhabitant, save the Brute, of this cradle of horror—a fit occupant:—for to size, power, and fleetness, is added a bloody and remorseless disposition. On some lofty cragg may be seen her terrible eyre, as if instinct taught her, that in this place she would be free from the winged shaft, and deadly lead. Although she be apparently conscious of the superior power of the framer of these destructive instruments, yet from him even she does not shrink. If in her wandering for prey she can stoop unaware, the most ferocious as well as the timid brute trembles at her approach; and their king, as if for uncommon concourse, erects in wrath his mane and displays his powerful jaws. But as with the weak, so with him; the work of death is soon accomplished, and she triumphantly gazing on the bloody beaks of her young, revives in the strength and fatal sharpness of her talons. The position of two villages makes it necessary that the traveller pass here in journeying from one to the other; yet as he does, he offers to Heaven a silent prayer for protection. The poor peasant, transporting his hard earned produce, shudders at each whistle of the wind, and darkening of the air when a cloud might pass the sun, for fear that in sudden moment the support of his home may be taken away. Their depredations are not confined to the native valley; far away they soar for plunder, so that when their shrill screams is heard from the mount, the careful mother doubly bars her doors, and collects her babes more closely around her. More than one act of transgression had rendered such vigils necessary, for neglecting to mention the coast and the calf that had been borne away in the sight of the master, young infants rolling in the spirit of innocence upon the green sward, have been often translated to an eyre of wreathing nuptels—from a tender mother, to the arms of death.

It was in the summer of the year 1815, that Aurelia, a beautiful girl of San Maria, one of the villages above spoken of, gave her heart and hand to an amiable but rustic youth. Love, it is true, can dwell in any place, but not so often is it to be met with in the ranks of wealth as of poverty, as benefit is the source of the calculating affection of fashion and pride, so of humble love is disinterestedness. Cramped by the shackles of the former, it is confined within the limits prescribed by etiquette; unrestrained in the latter sphere, it walks abroad free, unalloyed, and unbounded. The language of the one is formal, corresponding with ceremony—of the other, open, candid, and yielding. The character on one hand is coldness and insincerity; on the other, truth and pathos. The lovers of San Maria could boast of no ancestorial distinctions—no titled estate. A simple shepherdess she, he, an humble peasant. The language of their love displayed not the depth of philosophy, nor the soul of poetry; but the unaffected dress of simplicity. When the sun had shed his last beam upon her native hill, Aurelia folded her lambs and repaired high in youthful hope to meet her returning William, who as anxious from his labor greets her with a smile that puts to shame the powers of eloquence. Hand in hand they wander, gleaning the beauties of future bliss, until the near approach of darkness ends their sweet intercourse; then, long after the extinguishing of the rush-light, he sets at her cottage door, lulling to rest in rustic strains the idol of his soul. Neither can fashion nor wealth claim all earthly beauty; for fairer than Aurelia an American sun ne'er shone upon. The exquisite lustre of her eye, veiled by a rich lash, would emulate an upper sky. To the delicate fashioning of her features would Circassia yield. Like to a nice painting upon snow-white velvet was her brow and fairer cheek; and as to her form, dame Nature made it surpassing symmetry. Yet was not pride here; unacquainted with the art and pain parade of poop, all was beautiful—all was treasured for her beloved youth. He too, accustomed to rural pleasure, was fresh in the ruddiness of manhood. The more fashionable extravagance of Rouge et Noir he knew not; but was as proud in gaining a coronet for wrestling, to lay at the feet of Aurelia, as was the Roman of his quadruple triumph. Such were the couple betrothed; and the sun that was to witness their union rose upon me hunting in a neighbouring forest. Arriving to his meridian, I was driven to a deep recess, where I sat me down in contemplative silence, to watch the meander-ing stream. I was about to soliloquize in a moral strain, comparing what was before me to the struggling course of man, when sounds, "sweet as if an angel spoke," burst upon my ear. I was not superstitious, yet I thought that it might be the wandering spirit of Orpheus, seeking his lost Eurydice. Recovering from my surprise, I involuntarily drew near, when suddenly broke upon my view the cause of my wonder. Upon a beautiful lawn were assembled a numerous company, and, as my reader has anticipated, it was the marriage party. Never did Aurelia appear so lovely—decked not in costly garments, nor with gems, nor the pride of the desart—but with the simplicity of a shepherdess. William too stood forth in the beauty of youth, to establish before God and angels the strength of his love, and as she bent forward to receive the signet of that love, I knew it to be unaffected—to be the true insignia of perfect happiness. An aged man now advanced, whom, from his attire, I knew to be the priest, and he offered to heaven a fervid prayer. It was solemn as eternity! He was about to consummate the holy ceremony, when a cry resounded through the lawn that paralized his venerable limbs. The Lammer Geyer!—the Lammer Geyer! To arms!—to arms! But it was in vain. Attracted by the rich chaplet that encircled her forehead, the dreadful enemy stooped, and locked in iron death the eye of the maiden. It was the act of a moment. But 'twas not unrevenged. My rifle, ever faithful to its master, poured fourth its deadly contents. A dropping of the head, a cowering of the wing, and the scream of the murderer that had thus suddenly dashed aside the full chalice of bliss, were an assurance that the aim was correct. I stopped not to sympathise with the agonized throng, but returned sorrowing to the forest. Passing soon after through the village church-yard, I stopped to gaze upon a newly raised slab. The fountain could not be suppressed as I saw inscribed upon it—William and Aurelia. N. H. T.

IGNES FATUI.

With Ignes Fatui, familiarly known by the name Will o' the Wisp, we are better acquainted than with those more sublime meteors which ride higher in the heavens, and by their momentary existence elude investigation. To the ignorant and superstitious the ignes fatui are a source of terror. The appearance of these harmless lights in a marsh has made many a poor simpleton tremble with fright. But it would be just as wise to be frightened by the dense fog which rises from the bosom of the lake, or to be appalled by the cheerful blaze of the wintry fire. These luminous bodies are always seen in marshy lands.—Sometimes they are caused by the decomposition of vegetable substances, forming something of the nature of lightwood, with which every one is acquainted. The light emitted from decaying bodies, and seen through the damp exhalations of the marsh is magnified, as the sun when setting behind a thin veil of clouds expands to double its usual apparent form. Some of these marshy meteors appear to change their situation, and dance about from place to place. They are composed of inflammable air, which is continually exhaling hydrogen gas, phosphorus, carbonic acid gas, and occasionally sulphurous vapours. These gases readily inflame from a great variety of natural causes, to which they are perpetually exposed. They may be inflamed by electricity, or by heat generated during the decomposition of animal or vegetable materials. Now this mass of gas being on fire will burn till its inflammable principle is destroyed. In proportion to its greater or less degree of combustible power, it will pour forth a greater or less degree of light. From the levity of the burning vapour, it will wave to and fro, in the currents of the air, like any gas light exposed to the wind; sometimes flaming higher and again sinking down to a feeble flicker; thus constantly moving before the spectator, and assuming different forms and colours, according to the varying density of the fog through which it is seen. A friend of mine, says the Rev. John Mitchell, returning from abroad late in the evening, had to cross a strip of marsh. As he approached the causeway, he noticed a light towards the opposite end, which he supposed to be a lantern in the hand of some person he was about to meet. It hand of some person he was about to meet. It proved, however, to be a solitary flame a few inches above the marsh, at the distance of a few feet from the edge of the causeway. He stopped some time to look at it, and was strongly tempted now that, standing the wariness of the place, to get nearer to it, for the purpose of closer examination. It was evidently a vapour issuing from the mud, and becoming ignited, or at least luminous, in contact with the air. It exhibited a flickering appearance, like that of a candle expiring in its socket; alternately burning with a large flame, and then sinking to a small taper, and occasionally for a moment becoming quite extinct. It constantly appeared over the same spot. This gentleman remarks that the locomotive power with which these meteors seem to be endowed, is with which these meteors seem to be endowed, is with which these meteors seem to be endowed, is not really, not real. As the light probably apparent only, not real. As the light probably apparent only, not real. As the light probably apparent only

MR. VAN BUREN'S REJECTION.

In the United States Senate, on the 17th of January, the following resolutions were offered by Mr. Holmes:—

Resolved, That the nomination of Martin Van Buren be recommitted to the Committee on Foreign Relations; and that said Committee be instructed to investigate the causes which produced the removal of the late Secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy Departments, and of the Attorney General of the United States, and also the resignations of the Secretaries of the State and War Departments; and report to the Senate whether the only causes of that novel and important political movement are given in the letters of the President of the United States, addressed on that occasion to the several officers above enumerated; and, if not, what were the causes to which these removals and resignations ought to be ascribed. And also, whether the said Martin Van Buren, then Secretary of State, participated in any practices disreputable to the national character, which were designed to operate on the mind of the President of the United States, and calculated to smooth the way to his appointment to the high office to which he has been nominated.

Resolved, That for the purpose of carrying into effect the objects of the preceding resolution, the said Committee be further authorized to send for persons and papers, and to compel the attendance before them of such witness or witnesses as they may desire to examine on oath, touching the matter submitted to their investigation; and to report the same to the Senate, with their opinion thereon, together with the nomination aforesaid.

After some debate the proposition was laid on the table, and the Senate proceeded to consider the nomination of MARTIN VAN BUREN as Minister to the Court of St. James. Upon this a most animated debate ensued, which occupied the Senate, almost exclusive of other business, until the 25th ult. when the question was taken—"Will the Senate advise and consent to the appointment of Martin Van Buren?"—and determined in the *negative*, yeas 23, nays 23, as follows—

YEAS—Messrs. Benton, Brown, Buckner, Dallas, Dickerson, Dudley, Ellis, Forsyth, Grundy, Hendricks, Hill, Kane, King, Mangum, Marcy, Robinson, Smith, Tazewell, Tipton, Troup, Tyler, White, Wilkins.

NAYS.—Messrs. Bell, Chambers, Clay, Clayton, Ewing, Foot, Frelinghuysen, Hayne, Holmes, Johnston, Knight, Miller, Moore, Naudain, Poindexter, Robbins, Ruggles, Seybour, Shepley, Sprague, Tomlinson, Waggaman, Webster.

The Senate being equally divided, the VICE-PRESIDENT determined the question in the negative.

So it was

Resolved, That the Senate do not advise and consent to the appointment of Martin Van Buren.

As this opposition to the views of the President has created considerable excitement, we have thought proper to publish—in Mr. Webster's remarks—the grounds upon which it is based.—This gentleman's speech appears to us to embody nearly the whole range of objections made to the appointment.

REMARKS OF MR. WEBSTER.

Mr. President: as it is highly probable that our proceedings on this nomination will be published, I deem it proper to state shortly the considerations which influenced my opinion, and will decide my vote.

I regard this as a very important and delicate question. It is full of responsibility; and I feel the whole force of all that responsibility. While I have been in the Senate, I have opposed no nomination of the President except for cause; and I have at all times thought that such cause should be plain and sufficient; that it should be real and substantial, not unfounded or fanciful.

I have never desired, and do not now desire, to encroach, in the slightest degree, on the Constitutional powers of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. I have heretofore gone far, very far, in assenting to nominations which have been submitted to us. I voted for the appointment of all the gentlemen who composed the first Cabinet; I have opposed no nomination of a foreign Minister; and have not opposed the nominations recently before us, for the re-organization of the Administration. I have always been especially anxious, that in all matters relating to our intercourse with other nations, the utmost harmony, the greatest unity of purpose, should exist between the President and the Senate. I know how much of usefulness such harmony and union are calculated to produce.

I am now fully aware, Sir, that it is a serious, a very serious matter, to vote against the confirmation of a Minister to a Foreign Court, who has already gone abroad and has been received, and accredited by the government to which he is sent. I am aware that the rejection of this nomination, and the necessary recall to the Minister, will be regarded by foreign States, at the first blush, as not in the highest degree favourable to the character of our government. I know, moreover, to what injurious reflections one may subject himself, especially in times of party excitement, by giving a negative vote, on such a nomination. But after all, I am placed here to discharge a *duty*. I am not to go through a formality; I am to perform a substantial and responsible *duty*. I am to *advise* the President in matters of appointment. This is my constitutional obligation; and I shall perform it conscientiously and fearlessly. I am bound to say, then, sir, that for one, I do not advise nor consent to this nomination. I do not think it a fit and proper nomination, and my reasons are found in the letter of Instruction, written by Mr. Van Buren, on the 20th of July, 1829, to Mr. M'Lane, then going to the Court of England, as American Minister. I think those instructions derogatory, in a high degree, to the character and honor of the country. I think they show a manifest disposition, in the writer of them to establish a distinction between his country and his party; to place that party above the country; to make interest, at a foreign Court, for that party, rather than for the country; to persuade the English Ministry and the English Monarch, that *they* had an interest in maintaining, in the United States, the ascendancy of the party to which the writer belonged. Thinking thus of the purpose and object of these instructions, I cannot be of opinion that their author, or is a proper Representative of the United States at that Court. Therefore, it is, that I propose to vote against his nomination. It is the first time, I believe, in modern diplomacy, it is certainly the first time in this country, in which a minister to a foreign court has sought to make favor for one party at home, against another; or has stooped, from being the Representative of the whole country, to be the Representative of a party.—And as this is the first instance in our history of any such transaction, so I intend to do all in my power to make it the last. For one, I set my mark of disapprobation upon it; I contribute my voice and my vote, to make it a negative example, to be shunned and avoided by all future Ministers of the United States. If, in a deliberate and formal letter of instructions, admonitions, and directions are given to a minister, and repeated, once and again, to urge those mere party considerations on the foreign government, to what extent, is it probable, the writer himself will be disposed to urge them, in his one thousand opportunities of informal intercourse with the agents of that government?

I propose, sir, to refer to some particular parts of these instructions; but before I do that, allow me to state, very generally, the posture of that subject, to which these particulars relate. That subject was the state of our trade with the British West India Colonies. I do not deem it necessary now to go minutely into all the history of that trade. The occasion does not call for it. All know that by the Convention of 1815, a reciprocity of intercourse was established between us and Great Britain. The ships of both countries were allowed to pass to and from each other respectively, with the same cargoes, and subject to the same duties. But this arrangement did not extend to the British West Indies. There our intercourse was cut off. Various discriminating and retaliatory acts were passed by England and by the United States. Eventually, in the summer of 1825, the English Parliament passed an act, offering reciprocity, *so far as the mere carrying trade was concerned*, to all nations who might choose, within one year, to accept that offer.

Mr. Adams's Administration did not accept that offer; first, because it was never officially communicated to it; secondly, because, only a few months before, a negotiation on the very same subject had been suspended, with an understanding that it might be resumed; and thirdly, because it was very desirable to arrange the whole matter, if possible by treaty, in order to secure, if we could, *the admission of our products into the British Islands for consumption*, as well as the admission of our vessels. This object had been earnestly pursued ever since the peace of 1815. It was insisted on, as every body knows, through the whole of Mr. Monroe's Administration. He would not treat at all, without treating of this object. He thought the existing state of things better than any arrangement; which, while it admitted our *vessels* into West India ports, still left our *productions* subject to such duties there, that they could not be carried.

Now, sir, Mr. Adams's administration was not the first to take this ground. It only occupied the same position which its predecessor had taken. It saw no important objects to be gained by changing the state of things, unless that change was to admit our products into the British West Indies, directly from our ports, and not burdened with excessive duties. The direct trade, by English enactments and American enactments, had become closed. No British ship came here from the British West Indies. No American ship went from us to those places. A circuitous trade took place, through the Islands of third Powers; and that circuitous trade was, in many respects, not disadvantageous to us.

In this state of things, sir, Mr. M'Lane was sent to England; and he received his instructions from the Secretary of State. In these instructions, and in relation to this subject of the Colonial Trade, are found the sentiments of which I complain. What are they? Let us examine, and see.

Mr. Van Buren tells Mr. M'Lane, "The opportunities which you have derived from a participation in our public councils, as well as other sources of information, will enable you to speak with confidence (as far as you may deem it proper and useful to do) of the respective parts taken by those to whom the Administration of this Government is now committed, in relation to the course heretofore pursued upon the subject of the Colonial Trade."

Now, this is nothing more nor less than saying, "you will be able to tell the British Minister, whenever you think proper, that you and I, and the leading persons in this administration, have opposed the course heretofore pursued by the government and the country, on the subject of the Colonial Trade. Be sure, to let him know, that, on that subject *we have held with England*, and not with our *own government*." Now I ask you, sir, if this be dignified diplomacy? Is this Statesmanship? Is it the dignity? if this be elevated regard for country?—Can any man read this whole despatch, with candor, and not admit, that it is plainly and manifestly the writer's * * *.

Lest I should do the Secretary injustice, I will read all that I find, in this letter, upon this obnoxious point. These are the paragraphs:

"Such is the present state of our commercial relations with the British colonies; and such the steps by which we have arrived at it. In reviewing the events which have preceded, and may or may have contributed to, a result so much to be regretted, there will be found three grounds upon which we are most assailable. 1st, In our too long and too tenaciously resisting the right of Great Britain to impose protecting duties in her colonies;" "2d, &c.

"The opportunities which you have derived from a participation in our public councils, as well as other sources of information, will enable you to speak with confidence (as far as you may deem it proper and useful to do) of the respective parts taken by those to whom the Administration of this Government is now committed, in relation to the course heretofore pursued upon the subject of the colonial trade. Their views upon that point have been submitted to the people of the United States; and the counsels by which your conduct is now directed are the result of the judgment expressed by the only earthly tribunal to which the late Administration was amenable for its acts. It should be sufficient that the claims set up by them, and which caused the interruption of the trade in question, have been explicitly abandoned by those who first asserted them, and are not revived by their successors. If Great Britain deems it adverse to her interests to allow us to participate in the trade with her colonies, and finds nothing in the extension of it to others to induce her to apply the same rule to us, she will, we hope, be sensible of the propriety of placing her refusal on those grounds. To set up the acts of the late Administration as the cause of forfeiture of privileges which would otherwise be extended to the People of the United States, would, under existing circumstances, be unjust in itself, and would not fail to excite their deepest sensibility. The loss of feeling which a course so unwise and untenable is calculated to produce, would doubtless be greatly aggravated by the consciousness that Great Britain has, by order in council, opened her colonial ports to Russia and France, notwithstanding a similar omission on their part to accept the terms offered by the act of July, 1825. You cannot press this view of the subject too earnestly upon the consideration of the British ministry. It has bearings and relations that reach beyond the immediate question under discussion."

"I will add nothing as to the impropriety of suffering any feelings that find their origin in the past pretensions of this government to have an adverse influence upon the present conduct of Great Britain."

Sir, I submit to you, and to the candour of all just men, if I am not right in saying that the prevading topic through the whole is, not American rights, not American interests, not American defence, but denunciation of past *pretensions of our own country*, reflections on the past Administration, and exultation, and a loud claim of merit for the Administration now in power. Sir, I would forgive mistakes; I would pardon the want of information; I would pardon almost any thing, where I saw true patriotism and sound American feeling: but I cannot forgive the sacrifice of this feeling of mere party. I cannot concur in sending abroad a public agent who has not conceptions of large and liberal as to feel, that in the presence of foreign courts, amidst the monarchies of Europe, he is to stand up for his country, and his whole country; that no jot nor tittle of her honour is to come to harm in his hands; that he is not to suffer others to reproach either his government or his country, and far less is he himself to reproach either; that he is to have no objects in his eye but American objects, and no heart in his bosom but an American heart; and that he is to forget self, to forget party, to forget every sinister and narrow feeling, in his proud and lofty attachment to the Republic whose commission he bears.

Mr. President, I have discharged an exceedingly unpleasant duty, the most unpleasant of my public life. But I have looked upon it *as a duty*, and it was not to be shunned. And, sir, however unimportant may be the opinion of so humble an individual as myself, I now only wish that I might be heard by every independent freeman in the United States, by the British Minister and the British King, and by every Minister and every crowned head in Europe, while standing here in my place, I pronounce my rebuke, as solemnly and as decisively as I can, upon this first instance, in which an American Minister has been sent abroad, as the Representative of his honor and renown of the whole country, or is it evidence of a disposition to make a merit of belonging to one of its political divisions?

The Secretary proceeds: "Their views" (that is, the views of the present Administration) "upon "that point have been submitted to the People "of the United States; and the counsels by which "your conduct is now directed, are the result of "the judgment expressed by the only earthly "tribunal to which the late Administration was "amenable for its acts."

Now, sir, in the first place, there is very little reason to suppose that the *first* part of this paragraph is true, in point of fact. I mean that part which intimates that the change of Administration was brought about by public disapprobation of Mr. Adams's conduct, respecting the subject of the colonial trade. Possibly, so much was then said, on a subject which so few understood, that some degree of impression may have been produced by it. But be assured, sir, another cause will be found, by future historians, for this change; and that cause will be the popularity of a successful soldier, united with a feeling, made to be considerably extensive, that the preferences of the People in his behalf had not been justly regarded, on a previous occasion. There is, sir, very little ground to say that "the only tribunal to which the late Administration was amenable" has pronounced any judgment against it for its conduct on the whole subject of the colonial trade.

But, however this may be, the *other* assertion in the paragraph is manifestly quite wide of the facts. Mr. Adams's Administration did not bring forward this claim. I have stated, already, that it had been a subject, both of negotiation and legislation, through the whole eight years of Mr. Monroe's Administration. This the Secretary knew, or was bound to know. Why then does he speak of it as set up by the last Administration, and afterwards abandoned by them, and not now revived?

But the most humiliating part of the whole follows:—"To set up the acts of the late Administration, as the cause of forfeiture of privileges which would otherwise be extended to the People of the United States, would, under "existing circumstances, be unjust in itself, and would not fail to excite their deepest sensibility."

So then, Mr. President, we are reduced, are we, to the poor condition, that we see a minister of this great Republic instructed to argue, or to intercede, with the British minister, lest he should find us *to have forfeited our privileges; and lest these privileges should no longer be extended to us!* And we have *forfeited those privileges*, by our misbehaviour, in choosing rulers, *who thought better of our own claims, than of the British!* Why sir, this is patiently submitting to the domineering tone of the British Minister, I believe Mr. Huskisson—(Mr. Clay said, "no, Mr. Canning.")—Mr. Canning, then, sir, who told us that all our trade with the West Indies was a *boon*, granted to us by the indulgence of England. The British Minister calls it a boon, and our minister admits it is a *privilege*, and hopes that his Royal Majesty will be too gracious to decide that we have forfeited this privilege, by our misbehaviour, in the choice of our rulers! Sir, for one I reject all idea of holding any right of trade, or any other right, as a *privilege* or a *boon*, from the British Government, or any other Government.

At the conclusion of the paragraph, the Secretary says, "You cannot press this view of the "subject too earnestly upon the consideration of "the British Ministry. It has bargains and relations that reach beyond the immediate question under discussion."

And adverting, again, to the same subject towards the close of the despatch, he says, "I will "add nothing as to the impropriety of suffering "any feelings that find their origin in the past "pretensions of this Government, to have an adverse influence upon the present conduct of "Great Britain."

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The Secretary proceeds: "Their views" (that is, the views of the present Administration) "upon "that point have been submitted to the People "of the United States; and the counsels by which "your conduct is now directed, are the result of "the judgment expressed by the only earthly "tribunal to which the late Administration was "amenable for its acts."

Now, sir, in the first place, there is very little reason to suppose that the *first* part of this paragraph is true, in point of fact. I mean that part which intimates that the change of Administration was brought about by public disapprobation of Mr. Adams's conduct, respecting the subject of the colonial trade. Possibly, so much was then said, on a subject which so few understood, that some degree of impression may have been produced by it. But be assured, sir, another cause will be found, by future historians, for this change; and that cause will be the popularity of a successful soldier, united with a feeling, made to be considerably extensive, that the preferences of the People in his behalf had not been justly regarded, on a previous occasion. There is, sir, very little ground to say that "the only tribunal to which the late Administration was amenable" has pronounced any judgment against it for its conduct on the whole subject of the colonial trade.

But, however this may be, the *other* assertion in the paragraph is manifestly quite wide of the facts. Mr. Adams's Administration did not bring forward this claim. I have stated, already, that it had been a subject, both of negotiation and legislation, through the whole eight years of Mr. Monroe's Administration. This the Secretary knew, or was bound to know. Why then does he speak of it as set up by the last Administration, and afterwards abandoned by them, and not now revived?

But the most humiliating part of the whole follows:—"To set up the acts of the late Administration, as the cause of forfeiture of privileges which would otherwise be extended to the People of the United States, would, under "existing circumstances, be unjust in itself, and would not fail to excite their deepest sensibility."

So then, Mr. President, we are reduced, are we, to the poor condition, that we see a minister of this great Republic instructed to argue, or to intercede, with the British minister, lest he should find us *to have forfeited our privileges; and lest these privileges should no longer be extended to us!* And we have *forfeited those privileges*, by our misbehaviour, in choosing rulers, *who thought better of our own claims, than of the British!* Why sir, this is patiently submitting to the domineering tone of the British Minister, I believe Mr. Huskisson—(Mr. Clay said, "no, Mr. Canning.")—Mr. Canning, then, sir, who told us that all our trade with the West Indies was a *boon*, granted to us by the indulgence of England. The British Minister calls it a boon, and our minister admits it is a *privilege*, and hopes that his Royal Majesty will be too gracious to decide that we have forfeited this privilege, by our misbehaviour, in the choice of our rulers! Sir, for one I reject all idea of holding any right of trade, or any other right, as a *privilege* or a *boon*, from the British Government, or any other Government.

At the conclusion of the paragraph, the Secretary says, "You cannot press this view of the "subject too earnestly upon the consideration of "the British Ministry. It has bargains and relations that reach beyond the immediate question under discussion."

And adverting, again, to the same subject towards the close of the despatch, he says, "I will "add nothing as to the impropriety of suffering "any feelings that find their origin in the past "pretensions of this Government, to have an adverse influence upon the present conduct of "Great Britain."

I ask again, Mr. President, If this be Statesmanship? if this be dignity? if this be elevated regard for country?—Can any man read this whole despatch, with candor, and not admit, that it is plainly and manifestly the writer's * * *.

Lest I should do the Secretary injustice, I will read all that I find, in this letter, upon this obnoxious point. These are the paragraphs:

"Such is the present state of our commercial relations with the British colonies; and such the steps by which we have arrived at it. In reviewing the events which have preceded, and may or may have contributed to, a result so much to be regretted, there will be found three grounds upon which we are most assailable. 1st, In our too long and too tenaciously resisting the right of Great Britain to impose protecting duties in her colonies;" "2d, &c.

"The opportunities which you have derived from a participation in our public councils, as well as other sources of information, will enable you to speak with confidence (as far as you may deem it proper and useful to do) of the respective parts taken by those to whom the Administration of this Government is now committed, in relation to the course heretofore pursued upon the subject of the colonial trade. Their views upon that point have been submitted to the people of the United States; and the counsels by which your conduct is now directed are the result of the judgment expressed by the only earthly tribunal to which the late Administration was amenable for its acts. It should be sufficient that the claims set up by them, and which caused the interruption of the trade in question, have been explicitly abandoned by those who first asserted them, and are not revived by their successors. If Great Britain deems it adverse to her interests to allow us to participate in the trade with her colonies, and finds nothing in the extension of it to others to induce her to apply the same rule to us, she will, we hope, be sensible of the propriety of placing her refusal on those grounds. To set up the acts of the late Administration as the cause of forfeiture of privileges which would otherwise be extended to the People of the United States, would, under existing circumstances, be unjust in itself, and would not fail to excite their deepest sensibility. The loss of feeling which a course so unwise and untenable is calculated to produce, would doubtless be greatly aggravated by the consciousness that Great Britain has, by order in council, opened her colonial ports to Russia and France, notwithstanding a similar omission on their part to accept the terms offered by the act of July, 1825. You cannot press this view of the subject too earnestly upon the consideration of the British ministry. It has bearings and relations that reach beyond the immediate question under discussion."

"I will add nothing as to the impropriety of suffering any feelings that find their origin in the past pretensions of this government to have an adverse influence upon the present conduct of Great Britain."

Sir, I submit to you, and to the candour of all just men, if I am not right in saying that the perveding topic through the whole is, not American rights, not American interests, not American defence, but denunciation of past *pretensions of our own country*, reflections on the past Administration, and exultation, and a loud claim of merit for the Administration now in power. Sir, I would forgive mistakes; I would pardon the want of information; I would pardon almost any thing, where I saw true patriotism and sound American feeling: but I cannot forgive the sacrifice of this feeling of mere party. I cannot concur in sending abroad a public agent who has not conceptions so large and liberal as to feel, that in the presence of foreign courts, amidst the monarchies of Europe, he is to stand up for his country, and his whole country; that no jot nor tittle of her honour is to come to harm in his hands; that he is not to suffer others to reproach either his government or his country, and far less is he himself to reproach either; that he is to have no objects in his eye but American objects, and no heart in his bosom but an American heart; and that he is to forget self, to forget party, to forget every sinister and narrow feeling, in his proud and lofty attachment to the Republic whose commission he bears.

Mr. President, I have discharged an exceedingly unpleasant duty, the most unpleasant of my public life. But I have looked upon it *as a duty*, and it was not to be shunned. And, sir, however unimportant may be the opinion of so humble an individual as myself, I now only wish that I might be heard by every independent freeman in the United States, by the British Minister and the British King, and by every Minister and every crowned head in Europe, while standing here in my place, I pronounce my rebuke, as solemnly and as decisively as I can, upon this first instance, in which an American Minister has been sent abroad, as the Representative of his

Evening Post.

☞ This paper has a greater circulation in this city than any other—it has patrons in every state, and in nearly every town in the Union. Upwards of 11,000 papers are distributed every week, and the number of subscribers is rapidly increasing.

The sleet on our pavements a few mornings since, rendered the walking exceedingly dangerous. Several accidents we learn were occasioned by it. A respectable citizen, while passing into an adjoining house, fell notwithstanding every precaution, and fractured a leg. A member of the city watch, considerably advanced in years, was also much injured by falling two or three times in quick succession.

We have before us a circular from H. S. TANNER, Esq. in which that gentleman signifies his intention of publishing, early in the spring, a new edition of his large map of the United States. He believes that much additional information in regard to the geography of local districts may be obtained, and he invites the co-operation of intelligent gentlemen to aid him in the undertaking. Recent changes in state or county boundaries; newly organised counties; the location of new towns; projected Canals and Railways; steam boat and stage routes, errors in existing maps, &c. &c. if properly noted and communicated to him, will be acknowledged favours, and inserted in his new edition.

These matters, to prepare and arrange which would occasion but little trouble to individuals residing where alterations may have taken place, will be of real advantage to Mr. Tanner, in enabling him to publish a correct map. The industry and attention which this gentleman has bestowed upon former publications, and his anxiety to publish a chart which may be relied upon for correctness, and embracing all recent improvements, should be met by a disposition on the part of our citizens to afford him all possible aid in his researches.

The subject of the abolition of slavery in the United States, has recently become a matter of earnest discussion in several of the southern States. The tragedy at Southampton has awakened the public mind to the danger of an overflowing black population, and all classes of citizens seem to be aware of the importance of prompt and decisive action to prevent a recurrence of so awful a scene. We are glad that the matter is now taken up by those immediately interested. Hitherto the efforts of northern philanthropists have been regarded with an eye of jealousy, and their writings have tended to promote excitement, rather than to accomplish their benevolent and patriotic views. Now, however, the subject is freely discussed among themselves—"the press has broken the silence of fifty years."

The debates in the Virginia assembly on this topic, are represented as being of the most interesting character. The doors are open,—says a southern editor—and the Hall and Lobby are thronged with ladies and gentlemen, deeply interested in the progress of the debate on this question, confessedly the most important to the great interests of the community, to the prosperity, the growth and glory of our state, of any that has been submitted to the consideration of the assembly, since the declaration of Independence. Public meetings have been held in various parts of Virginia, and memorials in great numbers, have been forwarded to the Legislature. Mr. M'Crea, on the 20th ult. submitted a petition signed by 215 ladies of Augusta, praying for the abolition of slavery in the commonwealth. He prefaced it with the following remarks, which we publish as explanatory of their views:—

Mr. Speaker: I feel it to be my duty as well as my privilege, to bring this subject to the consideration of the House.—The number and character of the subscribers to this memorial, entitles it to attention—and I am authorised to state, from a letter which I received from a highly esteemed and much valued friend, accompanying the memorial, that if an opportunity had been afforded, it would have been much more numerously subscribed by the ladies of the county; and causing, as it does, from a county owning one-tenth of the entire slave population west of the mountains—I do hope that it will receive the respectful consideration to which it is entitled, and that it will be referred.

The memorialists do not wish to mingle in the political transactions of the country, but they have an unquestionable right to be heard on a subject so deeply interesting to themselves and their posterity, as well as the community generally. That slavery is a curse, is conceded by all.—This evil they have long felt, and it is daily increasing in strength, and numbers. Daily and hourly exposed, even in their households, to objects of fear, reared and sustained by their bounty, they cannot longer "sit under their own vine and fig-tree, with none to make them afraid." The bloody tragedy of Southampton has awakened horrors that appal the stoutest heart, but to females exposed as they are, represents horrors tenfold more terrible.

They call upon this House, through me, as one of their Representatives,—as legislators, parents, fathers, husbands and brothers, to arrest this desolating scourge—like the locusts of Egypt, threatening to devour all that is green, and all that is lovely—by providing a speedy and efficient remedy. They tell you that they love Virginia, their own native State, their mountains, their green hills and valleys. It is the land of their birth, with which every tender recollection of their infancy, as well as their advancing years, are most intimately and indissolubly connected. It is the land which contains the graves of their fathers and mothers;—but all these ties must be torn asunder—and that they shall be compelled to fly to foreign lands in pursuit of happiness and safety. If something is not done to arrest the threatening evil, alike ruinous to peace and safety, and that of the Commonwealth. They entreat you by all the tender sympathies of their nature, by the love which they bear you, and by their fervent aspirations to Almighty God, to exert your wisdom and independence, in the adoption of such measures, as in time will extirpate slavery from the State, and restore tranquility to them and the country.

The liberal views of Mr. M'Crea, and his female constituents, are not, however, responded to by all the inhabitants of Virginia. A public meeting of the citizens of Mecklenburg county, Va. recently took place, at which resolutions were passed, denouncing the editor of the Richmond Enquirer, and all who advocate the project of slave emancipation, however remote. A portion of the first resolution reads thus:—

"We proclaim it 'trumpet-tongued' to the Editor of the Enquirer, to the State of Virginia, and to the whole world, that we are the *enemies even unto death*, of all men, whether the editors of newspapers, members of the Assembly, or any other legislative body, or canting philanthropists, who shall directly, or indirectly, undertake to rob us of our property, in our slaves, by word, act or deed—nor will he we wheedled by any insidious promise or compensation which shall be offered."

The debate in the Legislature on this very interesting subject, was brought to a close on Monday, the 23d ult. A motion to postpone the question indefinitely was negatived; ayes 60, noes 71, which vote may be considered as testing the sense of the House on the proposition of commencing a system of abolition, at the proper time and in the proper mode. On Friday, the select committee to whom the subject had been referred, reported a bill, the principal features of which are—according to the Richmond Whig—the appropriation of $100,000 for the current year, and $200,000 per annum, for succeeding years, to the transportation of free negroes to Africa. The Governor, Executive Council, and Treasurer, are constituted a Central Board to superintend the execution of the act, with power to constitute other Boards at Norfolk, Fredericksburg, Petersburg, or other places, to aid in the superintendence. While enough free negroes are found *willing to go*, (or such as may be emancipated for the purpose,) to absorb the annual appropriation, coercion is not to be resorted to, otherwise it is.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

CITY POLICE.

The first prisoner examined on Monday morning, was Master Jeremiah Doolittle Chubber, found by the watch on Saturday evening, in a state of utter helplessness, from a combination of gin toddy, blue devils, weak knees, &c. Master Doolittle, in a state of insensibility was conveyed to the watch house, where, after spending, sawdust and with several others, to Arch street prison, for safe keeping until the morrow. Being now able to realise his situation, and not relishing the materials of the law in regard to liberty of person—believing them, moreover, incompatible with the spirit of Mr. Johnson's views on Sunday Mails, he took advantage of a slight inattention on the part of an officer, and made off. The watch made after him, and the gentlemen of the city, new attired in their holiday suits, were edified with a spirited chase. Their amusement was not a little increased by the contrast presented in the size of the pursued and pursuer. The former was a tall, athletic figure, measuring in length some six feet four—the latter, a short, squatty gentleman, rarely about an inch and a half as long as his prisoner. But the more unpromising the match, the more attractive to the sporting gentlemen who, after a severe struggle, succeeded in getting him under. When down, they threw a cloak about his head, and began pounding him with true Dutch perseverance. Finding that he was likely to be murdered, he ceased his efforts, and was soon relieved by a peace watchman in the vicinity. He however was also attacked; several citizens being now at hand, they were enabled to take the rioters in custody. Two of the prisoners gave their names, Edward Cahill and William Layhee, both proved to be recent accessions from Ireland. They were fined for intoxication, and held to bail in a very heavy sum. He was locked over to court for keeping a disorderly house.

Two young men attached to one of the ferries were brought before the Mayor on Wednesday morning, charged with having behaved disorderly on the night previous. It appeared that they had been enjoying themselves in a dance house in Water street, below Chestnut, until a late hour. When the dance broke up they were exceedingly merry, and wound every body and what not, proceeding on their commercial adventures in a prodigious state in the street. The watchmen in all directions flew up and down to suppress the disturbance, in the utmost consternation at this Bedlamite din and clamor, feared not to oppose the curse. The cause was "women and wine?" The young men were arrested by a watchman, and in the struggle accidentally and forcibly lady, the mother and aunt of the young persons, appeared to get her son's senses. She made a prodigious of tears on account of her disgrace, and bestowed lectures of power, which must, unless her son be retired, be favorable to the symptoms of repose and general affection. Effectually prevented him from indulging in similar capers.

The manufacture of salt is carried on to a great extent in China and the East Indies, where, it is said, the principal parts of France, Spain and Russia. It is the most extensive and important manufacture in Spain and the wealth of France. In the city of Lyons alone there are 40,000 persons employed in the abolition of Lotteries. Messrs. Boyd and Kerlin, two for the Western Bank of Philadelphia. Mr. Packer for the Manufacturers and Mechanic's Bank. Mr. Morris a remonstrance against the sale of the Delaware division of the Pennsylvania Canal.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCILS.

Thursday Evening, Feb. 2.—In the Select Chamber a letter was received from the Mayor, enclosing a communication from the Trustees of the Stephen Girard Estate, informing Councils that property belonging to the estate, to the value of $40,000, is now afloat in vessels, uninsured against loss by fire. Also, that one allowable misconception in store at Savannah, in the name represented safe. The executors ask to be instructed in relation thereto. On motion of Mr. Massey, it was

Resolved, That the Select and Common Councils do hereby consent and agree that the executors of the will of the late Stephen Girard may insure any property, whether of merchandize, stores, or goods, belonging to said estate, and under their care, against loss or damage by fire.

The President laid before the Chamber a communication from Mr. Hassinger, of the State Senate, enclosing a copy of a bill for appointing additional watchmen in the Port of Philadelphia.

The bill provides that, after the passing of the act, four additional watchmen shall be appointed, two of whom shall reside in the city of Philadelphia, west of Tenth street, and one in Penn Township, and one in Moyamensing, to receive their commissions from the Governor.

The President also laid before the Chamber a communication from Mr. Bowker, of the State Senate, enclosing two copies of a bill to incorporate the York and Maryland Rail-road Company.

A communication was received from trustees of the late Stephen Girard, occupying stores, Nos. 160, 162, 164, and 166, South Second street, informing Councils that they are unwilling to continue tenants, unless the rents they occupy shall be reduced to four hundred dollars. Laid on the table.

A letter addressed to the President from Mr. Graves, of the House of Representatives, was read, which stated that the movement on the part of Council, remonstrating against the proposed charter in the route of the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad, so as to pass through the city of Lancaster, as prayed for by the Councils of the city of Lancaster, was unfortunate and calculated to procure additional friends to the York and Maryland Line Rail-road bill. It had created jealousy in the minds of the Western members—unpleasant though the City Councils were disposed to manipulate every benefit, at the expense of the interior of the State, and if the remonstrance was presented in they were determined to vote for the Maryland bill.

The Select Council, then took up the proposition made by the Common Council, at their last meeting, and sent into the Select Chamber for concurrence, in relation to the appointment of a committee to remonstrate against the proposed deviation of the Columbia and Philadelphia Rail road so as to pass through the city of Lancaster. After a discussion the Select Council refused to concur, and the resolution was returned to the Common Council.

Mr. Massey offered a Resolution to the intent that the Mayor of the city of Philadelphia be authorized to proceed to Harrisburg, if his official duties will permit—at such time as to him may seem advisable, to procure the enactment of such law or laws as may be necessary to enable Councils to fulfil the bequests in the will of the late Stephen Girard. The resolution was adopted *nem. con.*

In the Common Council, a petition was presented signed by a large number of respectable citizens, praying for the erection of a Market House in Market street between Juniper and Twelfth streets—the same being necessary for their convenience and accommodation. In accordance with the prayer of the petitioners, the matter was referred to a special committee of both chambers.

The petition made in the Select Council to authorise the Mayor to proceed to Harrisburg, was discussed in the Common Council, and finally negatived by a unanimous vote. So the resolution was returned to the Select Council.

The drayman at the corner of Front and Chesnut streets, having little to do at this season of the year, appear to be at a loss to amuse themselves, and occasionally hit upon awkward expedients to pass away the time. On Wednesday, observing a saddle of venison astride the shoulders of a passer by, they ventured on a little dear sport, and undertook to show the difference between venison steaks and mutton chops. Their illustrations not being satisfactory the deer-man rambled his way on on the shoulders of one of his opponents, and bought him to the ground. But the other shouldered his saddle again and marched off. We are sorry for the poor fellow, who we believe has a family dependent upon his labours for support.

From the Washington Globe of Tuesday.

CONGRESSIONAL ANALYSIS.—In the Senate yesterday, Mr. Wilkins presented some resolutions of the President and Directors of the Pittsburg bank in favor of the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank. The bill for the relief of certain revolutionary officers and soldiers of the Virginia line was reported, without amendment. The resolution respecting the Tariff, submitted by Mr. Clay, was discussed by Mr. Smith of Maryland and Mr. Holmes of Maine. Mr. Holmes had not concluded his remarks when the Senate adjourned.

Among the numerous memorials presented yesterday, in the House of Representatives was one by the Speaker from the Free Trade Convention, recently

Canal Tolls.—The following is the amount of the tolls collected on the New York canals, in the year 1831, as reported by the superintendents of the canal fund, to the legislature:

Erie Canal,	$1,001,714 26	
Champlain Canal,	152,796 22	
		1,154,510 48
Oswego Canal,		16,574 16
Cayuga and Seneca Canal,		12,939 26
Total collection of toll for the year,		$1,223,023 90

The number of steam boats which arrived at New Orleans within the last year, with their first arrival at the mouth of the Mississippi river, was 1048. The following statement shows the number of boats from the different States:

Pennsylvania,	126	Illinois,	28
Virginia,	36	Tennessee,	181
Ohio,	416	Alabama,	179
Kentucky,	302	Arkansas,	23
Indiana,	208	Missouri,	50
Missouri,	70	Louisiana,	[illegible]

New Agencies for the U. S. Post and Casket.

Bedford, Indiana, : : :

These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

PARODY ON "OH NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER."
From the Comic Offering.

Oh no, I never mention it,
I never said a word!
But lent my friend my five pound note,
Of which—I've never heard!
He said he merely borrowed it
To pay another debt—
And since I've never mentioned it,
He thinks that I *forget!*

When'er we ride, I pays the 'pike;
I settles every treat;
He rides my cob—he drives my cab—
But *eats* me when we meet!
My new umbrell' I lent him, too,
One night 'twas very wet;
Though *he* forgets it ne'er came back,
Ah me—I don't forget!

To Sally Sims, my own true love,
Few visits can I pay;
But think how *kind* my friend behaves,
He calls on her each day!
By him I've sent rich pearls and rings,
With fruit and flowers a ton;
The *fruit* and *flowers* came safe to hand,
The *rest*—my friend forgot!

Sometimes I treats Miss to the play,
And, what I can't abide,
He which *I* just sit down by her,
My friend's at t'other side!
Such whisp'ring and such quizzing, too,
They keeps, to make me fret—
I knows 'tis only "make believe,"
But still—I can't forget.

"A friend in need's a friend indeed,"
This *I* have found quite true;
For mine is such a *needy friend*,
He ain't to me like going!
We're like, they say—for oft have I
Been taken for—his debts;
He makes so free with me and mine,
Himself he quite—forgets!

MY HORSE STANDS READY.

My horse stands ready on the way,
My heart as yet is free—
Now tell me, lady, shall I stay,
Or shall I go from thee.

Too often have I been beguiled
To trust a woman's smile;
It, like a jack o'lantern wild,
Hath led me many a mile.

My foot is in the stirrup, dear,
My hand upon the mane;
Now answer quickly, while I'm here—
I shall not come again.

She blushed, and faltered "will you stay?"
It was enough for me—
My horse no longer stopped the way—
My heart no more was free.

Epigram. The following innocence was written by a London Tory, on seeing in a window in the city a hand-bill headed "John Russell, clothes renovator!"—

"Two Russells fanned, and each a John,
Both purgers from pollution;
One renovates your clothes—and one
The British Constitution."

Admiral Boscawen's Wit.—When Admiral Boscawen added so gloriously to the laurels so often reaped by the British tars, and defeated the French fleet, he was under the necessity of going into a boat to shift his flag from his own ship to another. In his passage a shot went through the boat's side, when the Admiral, taking off his wig, stopped the hole with it, and by that means saved the boat from sinking, until he reached the ship in which he intended to hoist his flag. Thus, by a presence of mind so natural to the worthy admiral, was he himself saved, and also enabled to continue the engagement, which ended so gloriously to the British nation.

Epitaph in Llanfair church-yard, North Wales.

Life is a fishpond, as we plainly see,
God is the fisherman, the fishes we,
Awhile he cooks'ends with us to play,
Then oftly steals us one by one away.

When George II. was once at a masquerade, he observed Miss Chudleigh in a bath which very closely bordered upon the naked: 'My dear lady,' said the good natured monarch, 'suffer me to put my hand upon that soft bosom.' —'Sire,' said she, 'give me your hand, and I will put it in a much softer place.' She took his right hand and put it upon his own forehead.

Every man to his trade. "Don't you shut up your shop to-day, to mourn for the fate of the Reform Bill?" said a tradesman in Sheffield, the other day, to his neighbour. "No," replied the latter, "I can't afford it." "Why you are not a boroughmonger, are you?"—"Oh no, I'm a baccanist."

It is related of a remarkable indolent person, that, although suffering under a severe fit of the ague, he was *too lazy to shake!* But we have the reverse of the story. A few days since, in our village, (says the Geneva, N. Y. Gazette) an interesting boy 3 years old, labouring under this disagreeable malady, was tenderly asked by his mother, "what is the matter my son?" to which the child innocently replied, in a languishing tone, "oh I don't know—*I go to first!*"

Shoemaking by Machinery. It is not generally known, but we understand it to be an absolute fact, that SHOES are manufactured in Dedtford, England, by Machinery: and that the government refuses to permit its being further used on account of its throwing the great body of persons belonging to that business out of employment. This makes FORTY kinds of business in which machinery has been introduced. England finds it necessary to check machinery.

Forfarshire Honesty. An officer of the peace was one day brought before the late Provost Webster, of Forfar, and convicted of having appropriated to his own use a sum of money which in the discharge of his official duty he had received for behoof of a creditor. The worthy magistrate, in the course of administering a reproof to the delinquent, remarked "that it was singular they could not get honest men to transact the business of the court," to which the nowayshabshed offender made this brief but characteristic reply, "There's naething singular about it, for, by —, sir, nae honest man wad do't."

The Weekly Messenger, printed at Russellville, Kentucky, under its "*theatrical*" head, says:

"For a few days our village has been enlivened by the performances of Mr. Baldwin's *Dramatical Corps.*"

Enlivened by a *corpse?*

"My lord, stand back, and let the *coffin* pass."

Doctor N——, having printed two heavy volumes, containing the "Natural History of Worcestershire," Dr. Barton remarked to him, that his publication was, in several particulars, extremely erroneous; and when N—— defended his volumes, replied, "Pray, Doctor, are you not a Justice of the Peace?" "I am, sir," was the reply. "Why then, sir," added Barton, "I advise you to send your work to the same place you send your vagrants; that is, to the House of Correction.

A miser being called upon by an acquaintance, whom he did not wish to entertain, told the servant to answer, that nobody was within: according to which the girl said that her master was out, and "there was not a soul in besides herself." To which the visitor, who saw Penurious peeping through the window curtains, said, loud enough to be heard by him, "Well, my dear, I know no cause to disbelieve you; for, except yourself, I see nobody but your master, and he has no soul."

Cicero was of low birth: and Metellus was the son of a licentious woman. Metellus said to Cicero, "*Dare* you tell your father's name?"—Cicero replied, "*Can* your mother tell yours!"

A gentleman having married a lady of the name of Lamb, who had very little beauty, but a very great fortune, was told by an acquaintance that he would not have taken the *Lamb*, had it not been for the *fleece*.

When Addison became secretary of state, his old school mistress, being far advanced in years, grew very deaf. A friend who one day called upon her, told her that her little favourite was now a great man, and a great writer. "Aye, (said she) I always said Joey was born to be a great man; he was a mighty clever boy, and a deal of pains I took with him: do you know, that before he left me he read very near as well as I did, but pray what has he written?"—"Why, The Spectators—"The Sectat-rs."—"Speak a little louder, pray."—"The eight volumes of the Spectators."—"Dear me! dear me! eight volumes about potatoes! what could he find to say! But I always said Joey was a clever boy."

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

AN UNCONNECTED TALE.

I afterwards met with Cæsar, a mercurial sharp boy; he was in company with Florinda, a Negress, both also arrayed in all the fashionable finery of the *haut ton.*

Says Cæsar, "How you like de new fashion shirt, Miss Florinda?"—Florinda, with an air which would have graced the highest circles, replied, "I tink dey mighty elegum—I see you on New-year-day, when you carry de colour in de Obolition Sicity—you look jist like *Pluto, de God of war!*"

This mimic scene could only be equalled by an occurrence which took place at the Coliseum yesterday, where, standing by a fat frowsy woman who was gazing at the panoramic view of London, covered with a huge bonnet and ribbands of all colours, named and unnamed by Newton, and sweating under a load of ebon curls, I heard her say to her daughter, who had a face resembling a bull dog, "Clara, my dear, do you see yuur father's properties?" "Oh! yes," replied Clara, "and Fleet Ditch, and Mutton Hill, and Sal Saunders sifting dust." "Do, Bobby, my darling," growled the mother, "run down and call the carriage, for these here people smells so strong of musk and lavender, that I am faint for want of a drop of something. It is always the case with me, when I gets amongst these vulgur classes." I say, Sir, that neither Cæsar, Florinda, nor Mrs. Muck the dustman's wife, were in their proper sphere. The former were useful beings on the plantations—the latter on the dust-hill.

[*To be continued.*]

SALE OF A WIFE.—A Highland girl, who had lately been in service in Strathaven, became enamoured of a shoemaker, not five miles from Lanark, Scotland, and the affection being reciprocal, they were married. The affections of his spouse, however, were shortly afterwards, on the appearance of an old lover, transferred from the shoemaker to his spouse's quondam Admirer; and, as the shoemaker could not hope to regain his fair rib, it was agreed by the parties, *nemine contradicente*, that the lover should purchase the wife from the husband for 2*l.*, and that the spouse and he should grant bonds of mutual separation. The bargain being completed, the money was paid down, the lovers rushed into each others' arms. Crispin departed for the royal burgh of Lanark, chuckling over the chino, and glad of being quit of his rib.

WINDOW MIRRORS.—To almost every house in Rotterdam, and sometimes to every window of a house, on the first floor, there is fixed a single or double looking glass or reflector, by means of which a person in the room, sitting before the window, can see by reflection the whole length of the street, the passengers, the trees, the canal, and the shipping. When two of these reflectors are placed at right angles, and the right angle pointed towards the window, a person within, directing his eye to that angle, will see the whole street, both to the right and to the left.

SEEING A MAN—DRUNK.—Tom Hobbs once reported that he saw certain a clergyman drunk. The reverend doctor, hearing of this, was not a little provoked at the slander, and forthwith repaired to Tom to give him a severe reprimand.

How is it, Tom, said the divine, that I hear such accounts of you?

Accounts! quoth Tom, egad! I keep no accounts.

I mean, said the former, the arrant stories you have put in circulation respecting my character.

Ah, replied Tom, I now understand you—but what stories do you mean; I tell so many, that, as I said before, I keep no account of them.

Why, sirrah, I hear you have reported that you saw me drunk.

Well, I did say so—and I say so again—I saw you drunk.

You did see me in that state—when and where? answer me quickly, or you shall suffer the penalties of the law.

Why, don't you remember passing me the other day, about eleven in the morning, and just opposite the tavern here?

Yes—I do recollect it—but what then?

Why, then, your reverence, I was pretty essentially drunk, and so I saw you—drunk.—*Constellation.*

EXTRAORDINARY.—A French gentleman in Kilkenny, Ireland, (says a recent *Journal* of that town,) has invented a machine which will, if it realize the inventor's expectations, supersede the use of rail-roads. A short time past he formed a model, four feet in length, which appeared so perfect in its construction that he was encouraged to proceed; and after making some improvements, he now has tradesmen employed in forming a machine of serviceable materials calculated for the application of horse power.—With this machine he expects to have put in motion on any good common road, either by horse or steam power, an equal weight, and at an equal speed, with the burdens now carried on rail-roads. By an ingenious contrivance, a rail, on which the wheels describe their course, is kept continually projecting before them!

A young fellow having bought a water proof hat, and wishing to play off a joke, washed his head, and, whilst it was streaming with water, ran to the hatter and complained of being deceived. "Ah," said the hatter, "I see how it is, sir—you came out in the rain!"

Ledelius tells of a woman who was very much incommoded by crickets, and tried, but in vain, every method to banish them from her house. She at last accidentally succeeded; for having one day invited several guests to her house, where there was a wedding, in order to increase the festivity of the entertainment, she procured drums and trumpets to entertain them. The noise of these was so much greater than what the little animals were used to, that they instantly forsook their situation, and were never heard in that mansion more.

MR. WIRT'S VIEWS OF TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Wirt being prevented by sickness from addressing the Baltimore Temperance Society at their late annual meeting, sent a letter to the chairman, to be read to the meeting, in which he thus beautifully expresses his wishes for the success of temperance societies.

If some fatal plague, of a contagious character, were imported into our country, and had commenced its ravages in our cities, we should see the most prompt and vigorous measures at once adopted to repress and extinguish it; but what are the most fearful plagues that ever carried death and havoc in their train through the eastern countries, compared with this? They are only occasional; this is perennial. They are confined by climates or place; this malady is of all climates, and all times and places. They kill the body at once; this consumes both body and soul by a lingering and dreadful death, involving the dearest connexions in the vortex of ruin. What parent, however exemplary himself, can ever feel that his son is safe while this living fountain of poison is within his reach? God grant that it may soon become a fountain sealed, in our country at least. What a relief, what a delightful relief would it be to turn from the awful and horrid past, to the pure, peaceful, and happy future! to see the spring of life and feeling and intelligence renewed on every hand; health, industry, and prosperity glowing around us; the altars of domestic peace and love rekindled in every family; and the religion of the Saviour presented with a fair field for its celestial action.

The progress already made by our temperance societies in advancing this golden age, proves them to be of a Divine origin. May the Almighty crown his own work with full and speedy success.

Captain TREVETT commanded the only artillery company in the engagement at Bunker Hill, and after he was seventy years of age, possessing great bodily vigor, he would dance about, with a fine, high color, like a young man. "Talk (he would say) of the battle of Bunker Hill, it was no such thing; the battle was fought on Breed's Hill. I was there, commanding the only artillery company on the ground; we had a *warm* day. On the morning, as I was leaving my house, my mother called me to her: 'Sam,' said she, 'you are to-day going to fight the battles of your country; conduct yourself as becomes a man fighting for his freedom; remember every bullet that will be fired will have its commission from Heaven, and fear nothing, for your fate is in the hand of God!' As I went to the scene of action, which was entirely new to me, I discovered a large tree right before, and for a while I kept it so. My mother's lecture, however, flashed upon my mind, and from that moment I thought no more of the tree for of danger, during the whole day."

DELICATE ATTENTIONS.—In the 10th century, to eat out of the same plate and drink out of the same cup was considered a mark of gallantry, and the best possible understanding between a lady and a gentleman.

SCHOOL OF FLORA.

From the Medical Flora of the United States.
BY PROFESSOR RAFINESQUE.

LOBELIA INFLATA.

Names. Common Lobelia. *Fr.* Lobelie enflee. *Vulgar.* Indian Tobacco, Wild Tobacco, Emetic Weed, Puke Weed, Asthma Weed.

Sp. Lobelia inflata. L. Branching and hairy, leaves sessile, ovate, denticulate, flowers in slender racemes, axillary to oblong bracts, capsules swelled.

DESCRIPTION. Biennial plant, one or two feet high, stem milky, erect, ramose, flexuose, subangular, hirsute; leaves alternate, oval or oblong, acute, sessile, or semi-amplexicaule, unequally serrate or toothed, pubescent, racemes of flowers terminal, erect foliose; flowers remote, each nearly sessile and axillary to a bract, somewhat similar to the leaves, but smaller, the upper ones smallest; lower flowers pedunculated; ovary swelled, oval globose; calyx with five unequal subulate division; corolla small blue. Capsule crowned by the calix, swelled, striated, two-celled, full of very minute seeds.

HISTORY. The genus Lobelia is dedicated to Lobel, an old botanist. It contains a great variety of species, fifteen of which grow in the United States; many are handsome ornamental plants. This species is not such, but has very important qualities. It grows all over the United States in fields and woods, blossoming from July to November; the flowers are very small, but singular; when broken, a milky acrid juice is emitted; the root is fibrous, yellowish white, acrid and nauseous: it is biennial, throwing out the first year only a few radical roundish leaves. When horses and cattle eat it, they are salivated, producing what is commonly called the *Slavers*, which debilitates them, and for which cabbage leaves are said to be a remedy. I was informed that some horses eat it on purpose to medicate themselves; several *Euphorbias* produce the same effect. It produces many varieties, such as—1. *Simpler.* 2. *Elatior.* 3. *Albiflora.* 4. *Angustifolia*, &c.

PROPERTIES. One of the most powerful and efficient emetic, narcotic, expectorant, antispasmodic, sudorific, diuretic, anti-asthmatic, and sialagogue. It contains an acrid principle, cautchoue, and extractive, according to Dr. Bigelow. In its effects it acts very much like tobacco, but the action is more speedy, diffusible, and short; besides, affecting even those who are accustomed to tobacco. The herbalist, Samuel Thompson, claims in his guide of health to have discovered the properties of this plant towards 1790; but the Indians knew some of them; it was one of their puke weeds, used by them to clear the stomach and head in their great councils.—Its medical properties have since been confirmed and elucidated by Doctors Cutler, Dorsey, Thatcher, Bigelow, Barton, Headstreet, Randall, Eberle, &c. It is now extensively used, although many physicians consider it as a deleterious narcotic, uncertain and dangerous in practice: while Thompson denies it, and considers it as harmless, depending almost altogether upon it in his new and singular practice of medicine, borrowed chiefly from the steaming and puking practice of the Indian tribes. The whole plant is used, but the most powerful part are the seeds, as in *Hyoscianus*. The medical effects are speedy and very powerful, but various, according to the preparations, doses, and temperaments. In large doses, it is a deadly narcotic, like tobacco and henbane, producing alarming symptoms, continual vomiting, trembling, cold sweat, and even death. It appears to act upon the brain rather than the stomach, as usual with narcotics, and is therefore dangerous in practice, unless prescribed with great care and caution. In strong doses it produces great relaxation, giddiness, head-ache, debility, and perspiration; in moderate doses it causes sickness in the stomach and vomiting, a prickly sensation through the whole system, acting therefore on the nervous system, and being a very diffusible stimulant of it.

It has been recommended in some shape or other for almost every disease; but those for which it is most efficient are spasmodic asthma, bronchial cough, tetanus or lockjaw, and strangulated hernia. In asthma particularly, it appears to be almost a specific, although it has failed in some cases when the disease was not spasmodic; it has lately been introduced in Europe as a remedy for this complaint, and with decided advantage. It must be used in that case until it produces nausea and vomiting, while for the other diseases, it is better to give small doses, frequently repeated; it avails thus for pneumonia and cough caused by accumulated mucus in the bronchiæ. Its effects in croup, rheumatism, dyspepsia, hooping-cough, catarrh, &c. are more doubtful: although in catarrh it appears to act like squill and antimony. Schoepf mentions it only as astringent and useful in opthalmia, but probably by mistake. It has no cathartic effect as once asserted. Thatcher has given a case of hydrophobia cured by it in the last stage; this deserves attention, as the plant, by its effects on the mouth and system, appears calculated to avail in this fatal disease; but the subject has not yet been properly pursued. The practice of Thompson to use it in every thing, fevers, consumption, measles, jaundice, &c. is preposterous. It is not even a proper emetic for common use, as we have so many much milder. In consumption it is baneful, because it prostrates the patient without relieving the symptoms. It is, however, the base of many quack medicines for consumption, which are violent and dangerous; they are erroneously called Indian specifics, the Indians having no specific for the disease, but only palliatives.

This plant loses its active properties by boiling or even scalding. It must be used in substance or tincture; the seeds and young leaves are strongest; the whole plant is commonly collected in the fall when in seed, and pulverised. One single grain is sometimes sufficient to produce emesis, while a moderate dose is said to be about ten grains of the powder. A tea spoon full of the tincture is the usual dose; when made with the seeds it is more efficient, and Mr. Cannon has told me that a single dose has cured the lockjaw, by relaxing instantly the jaws and the whole system; it must be poured by the sides of the mouth. One pound of the plant is directed to be infused in a gallon of diluted alcohol. The aqueous cold infusion is equally good. I consider the best and most available use of this plant to be in all nervous diseases, fits, convulsions, spasms, asthma, tetanus, St. Vitus' dance, and perhaps hydrophobia. I venture to recommend its trial in all these disorders, but not to depend upon it in any other.

L. spihilitica has large blue flowers in a foliose spike, calyx with reflexed sinusses and oblong leaves; common in woods and roads. It has been analyzed in France, and found to contain a new substance similar to butter, sugar, mucilage, and malates, besides traces of amarine, silex, iron, muriate and phosphate of lime, lignin, &c. It is a lactescent, acrid, and nauseous plant also, which has been deemed long ago to be diuretic, repellent, cathartic, emetic, and anti-syphilitic; but its properties are rather similar to *L. inflata*, although less active; it is chiefly sudorific and diuretic, and its properties are not so easily destroyed by heat, since it is used in decoction and extract. The root has been chiefly used instead of the plant; dose, five to twenty grains of the extract in dropsy. The northern Indians used it for the cure of syphilis, in conjunction with *Prunus* and *Pulsipellum*, and in strong decoction, washing also the ulcers with it, and sprinkling them with the powder of *Ceanothus*; but it has failed in the hands of physicians, and only availed in some cases of gonorrhea, acting then as a diuretic. Henry recommends to unite to it *Geranium maculatum* and willow bark as astringents. It disagrees with the stomach, and often causes griping, purging, and vomiting.

L. cardinalis has large scarlet flowers in a long naked raceme, leaves oval lanceolate, acuminate at both ends. Found near streams and marshes. The taste is similar to *L. inflata*.—The root has chiefly been employed in decoction by the Cherokee Indians in syphilis, and against worms. It is said to be equivalent to *Spigelia* or pink root. These properties deserve further inquiry, as the whole genus *Lobelia* appears to be more or less medical with us; the other species have not yet been tried: one species (perhaps *L. claytoniana*) is said to be used as a mild diuretic in Carolina.

Prospectus of a New Volume.

ATKINSON'S CASKET,

OR GEMS OF
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Each number containing an royal octavo pages of letter press, embellished with at least one copperplate and several wood engravings, and one or more pieces of music.—The work forms at the end of the year a volume of about 600 pages, to which an elegant engraved title page and a general index are added.

THE number of volumes of the CASKET which have already been published, and the faithfulness and punctuality of the publisher in fulfilling his engagements with his patrons, to their contents, are sufficient, with them at all requisite and with the work, to show its true character.

The constantly increasing patronage bestowed on the CASKET has enabled the publisher to make considerable improvements in the work. Its typographical appearance is much changed for the better, and the contents are much enriched.—He has reason to believe that the progress will not be checked in respect to typographical execution, the quantity and quality of the engravings, and the value of the contents, by any other periodical, and he calmly appeals to it to be the cheapest publication of the kind in the country.

The facilities for obtaining suitable articles for this work have, of late, much increased. Some of the best literary publications of Europe are regularly received at the office of the CASKET, as well as the prominent American periodicals. From both, selections are made with much care. To secure a sufficient quantity of original matter, the services of most of those who have their labours with success, and contribute to advance the literature and science of our own country, the publisher gives a compensation to his correspondents, commensurate to the support he receives.

In respect to the Engravings which appear in the work, the publisher believes that he has not been surpassed by any periodical of steel and wood engravings. Executed in general by the first artists in the city, they will suffer nothing by comparison. These form a material part of the expense of the work, and in point of execution, a blank cost of publishing equal to the general average of the work at any time, the engravings will continue to be of the same character.—*Portraits of distinguished characters*; plates of the *Newest Fashions*, both of Europe and America; *Views of American Scenery*, particularly of steam and interesting *Natural History*; *Engravings of Foreign and Domestic Architecture*; *Botanical Plants*, and whatever other objects may be deemed calculated to instruct, interest and amuse.

To inculcate sound virtuous precepts, and guard the thoughtless against the snares of vice, to lead the youthful mind to the contemplation of those objects and all important subjects which shortly affect his prosperity, to give a taste for the pure, select and beneficial enjoyments of literature and learning, and to build out independence for the young to cultivate their powers and reach their professional and practical information, are points which the publisher trusts he will ever keep in view.—He is glad feel in looking over his past labours, to find no language of sentiment couched, calculated to detract from the beauty of virtue, or to show vice in a less hideous aspect than it really is.

The attention is also paid to *Poetry, Anecdote, Light Reading, Amusing Sketches*, and those *shorter* articles which relieve the mind from the labour of close study, which refresh the understanding, and give a zest to graver and more important compositions.

Each number of the CASKET contains at least one piece of *Music*, which is selected and arranged expressly for the work. The popular and newest airs are always at command to afford a judicious selection.

Notwithstanding the many extra expenditures and the heavy increase of the two engravings, given monthly, it is not the intention of the publisher to increase the price of the CASKET. When paid in advance it will be furnished for twelve months for $2 50; or for three dollars if not paid until the end of the year. Agents are allowed a liberal commission. Specimens are sent gratis, and illustrations for collections. Complete sets for 1826, 1827, and 1828 supplied to order.

☞ Letters *free of postage*, will meet prompt attention. Persons at a distance may remit a note in any convenient way during the week and enclosing remittance.

Editors who insert the above are entitled to the "*Casket*," one year, for "*Notice of Prospectus*" in exchange, as their copy goes. If the Post is desired, they will direct their papers to "*Saturday Evening Post*," if the Casket, to "W. G. Atkinson, Publisher." The first number of the advertisement, absent, in all cases, to entitle such a gett.

oct 26—

Haddonfield Boarding School FOR BOYS.

THE Subscriber proposes opening a Boarding School in the pleasant, healthy village of Haddonfield, New Jersey, (six miles from Camden,) for the reception of the first 20 boys that may apply for admission, on the first of the 11th month next. In which will be taught the several branches of an English Education, viz. Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Use of the Globes, Natural Philosophy, History, and the Mathematical branches.

Days of Board and Tuition, $2 dollars per quarter of 12 weeks, payable in advance.

Washing and Mending 25 cents per week. The usual prices will be charged for books and stationery.

References—Thomas Kite, No. 84 Walnut street, James Dunlap, No. 58 North Fourth street, John M. Wetherill, No. 41 Market street, Philadelphia; John Gill, Thomas Redman, Haddonfield; Benjamin Cooper, near Camden; Joseph Mellick, Moorestown, N. J. JOSEPH WHITALL.

Haddonfield, 10 mo. 31st mo. 15

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For Sale, the large state Map of Pennsylvania, with Canals and Rail Roads. nov 3—1monthms

CARD.

L. M. CANTELO respectfully invites the public to examine his new system of teaching writing, more especially for the cure of COLDS, and some of the speedy treatment, diseases that follow when neglected, such as RHEUMATISM, *sore or swelled throat, sore Throat &c.* highly approved of by all who have given it a trial. The list of diseases points out other benefits derived from the system, to persons in search of a good penmanship. Apply at the store, 113 Chestnut street, four doors above the Post office, or to the proprietors, (C. MERRILL) 178 Coates street, a few doors above Fourth jan 7—6t

Sandford Mason,

PORTRAIT PAINTER, No. 213 Market street, near Eighth. Specimens can be seen at his room jan 14—3mos

Origin, Symptoms, and Cure

OF the Influenza, or Epidemic Catarrh; with some hints respecting common colds, and incipient Pulmonary Consumption. Published at the Office of the Journal of Health.

Notices.—At the time no work could be more a proper or necessary guide in the hands of all who would be free from and avoid the distressing malady of which it discourses.—*Phil. Gaz.*

This work is certainly seasonable, and will be read with deep interest by a vast mass of our citizens.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The course from which this book proceeds—the Office of the Journal of Health—justifies us in commending it to general notice.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Porter's Literary Rooms,

No. 121 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

PUBLISHED here Journal of Health, semi monthly, $1 25 per annum. Journal of Geology and Natural Science, monthly, $3 50 per annum. Journal of Instruction, semi monthly, $1 25 per annum. Porter's Health Almanac for 1832—to be continued annually, with entirely new matter. Calculations of Health—constitution, &c. The Poor Man of Trades and Professions on Health and Long Life—a small volume. Causes, Cure, and Prevention of Sick Headache. Bell on Baths and Mineral Waters—1 volume.

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Cuttings and Needle Work

IS now open at No. 210 Chestnut St. (ent. Bennett). Those persons desirous of seeing a specimen of the above, are invited to call at the present specimens of Cutting, &c. are exhibited, such as the likenesses of distinguished American and European Sovereigns and a variety of others, such as Water Pieces, Flowers, Landscapes, and even the Lord's Prayer, written in legible, and most beautiful manner, but to resemble manuscript engravers. Pictures, drawn, and done all kinds of Needle Work, with the utmost facility and ease. She has brought from Europe, and is the most fashionable and universally admired. An extensive variety of specimens of her elegant performance, are for exhibition in the house she occupies. All her elegant works are for sale, also can be seen at her various occupations from 10 o'clock, A. M. till 9 P. M.

Admittance, including a Packet containing four in a few seconds, without hands, by Miss Honeywell, 25 cents; Children half price. oct. 8—tf

India Rubber Shoes,

MANUFACTURED with Leather Soles, and lined with Flannel, and designed to wear next the stocking, similar to those exhibited at the Franklin Institute, constantly on hand, or manufactured to order. D. BREED,
nov 10—tf No. 6 North Fourth street.

Carpet Manufactory.

GEORGE MILNER, No. 42 Race street, between Front and Second streets, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has not on hand a quantity of domestic Carpeting, of a good quality, which he sells low for Cash.

N. B.—A variety of Gentlemens' Carpet Warps on the shortest notice, at No. 42 Race street. nov. 3—3mos

Glue, Neat's Foot Oil,

CURLED Hair, and Cow Hide Whips, constantly on hand and for Sale at South & Brown's, No. 21 Chesnut street, or at the Manufactory of CHARLES CUMMINGS,
7th above Pusey's Lane, or No. 422, south 3d st.

N. B. The highest prices given for Glue Stocks, Cow Tails and Cattle's Feet. oct. 1—1y

GEORGE W. BUNN'S

BUCKSKIN Glove and Leather Store, south east corner of Second and New streets. Where there is constantly kept on hand a large and general assortment of very superior Buckskin Gloves, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail. dec 27—1y

Plantation for sale or to Rent.

ALL that valuable Plantation situate on the Keaset turnpike, within quarter of a mile of the borough of Wilmington, and extending about a mile along Brandywine Creek, late the property of John Shallcross, deceased; containing about 160 acres. The improvements are, a good farm house, a barn and stable, and other necessary buildings, and a never failing supply of water. Most of the land lies to the south, and its contiguity to the borough renders it an object well worthy the attention of daily users, gardeners or farmers.

Also, 30 acres of marsh in Cherry Island, in fine order. The whole will be sold or rented together, or divided into separate farms, as circumstances may require.

The stock of hay, cattle, farming utensils, cider press, &c. will be disposed of either with the farm or separately. Apply to JOSEPH S. LOVERING, Executor.
No. 27, Church Alley, Philadelphia, or
SARAH S. LOVERING, Executrix.
dec 10—10t On the premises

Wood Turning.

JOHN FULTON, No. 3 Bank Alley, south side of the Penn square Bank, and back of the Mechanics' Coffee House, respectfully informs Cabinet Makers, Carpenters, and the public generally, that having erected a *Steam Engine for Turning*, he is enabled to execute the largest or smallest job in the way of the above mentioned business, and on such terms as will ensure to his friends and customers the most perfect satisfaction. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Bed Posts. nov. 27—1y

The Philadelphian,

A Religious, Literary, and Miscellaneous Newspaper.

PRINTED on an imperial sheet, will be changed on January 6, 1832, to the size of this paper. It is published every Friday, by WM. GEDDES, No. 9 Library street, near the Bank of the United States, Philadelphia; and is edited by the Rev. EZRA STYLES ELY, D. D. The work is designed to diffuse all the current religious intelligence which is of importance, and to discuss practically the doctrines and usages of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

It will exhibit the latest evidence efforts of Christians of every denomination, so far as it may be compatible with a useful variety of religious essays on the most important topics, the discussion of controverted points of theology and morality, a brief summary of political news, and occasional short, impartial sketches of prominent persons, the refutation of Universalism, Socinianism, and infidelity; religious anecdotes, and such brief extracts as are considered suitable to promote the reasonable gratification and edification of all who may subscribe to the paper.

TERMS.—The work is offered to those who may pay in advance, at *two dollars for 52* numbers; or $2 50, if paid within six months.

Any person who will procure five new subscribers and remit to the proprietor ten dollars, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, as long as he continues that annual payment according to the terms in advance.

Bank notes received at par in the residence of our subscribers, are considered as legally tender.

Communications to the editor, who conducts this work gratuitously, will be thankfully received, if forwarded without expense to him; and used in such a manner as he may judge most conducive to the public good.

WM. P. GEDDES, Publisher and Proprietor.
No. 9, Library st. next to the U. S. Bank.

W. P. G. has prompt settlement materials, and is prepared to do Book, Pamphlet, and Job Printing, at fair prices. Offers as above.

2,000 Blue Testaments for sale, cheap; also, Pilgrim's Progress, Baxter's Call, and Buck's Dictionary. Nov 26—3mos

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☞ The above volume will be completed in 12 numbers, or 12 monthly numbers of 24 pages each, and can be supplied from its commencement. The third volume commences January, 1832. jan 7—tf

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